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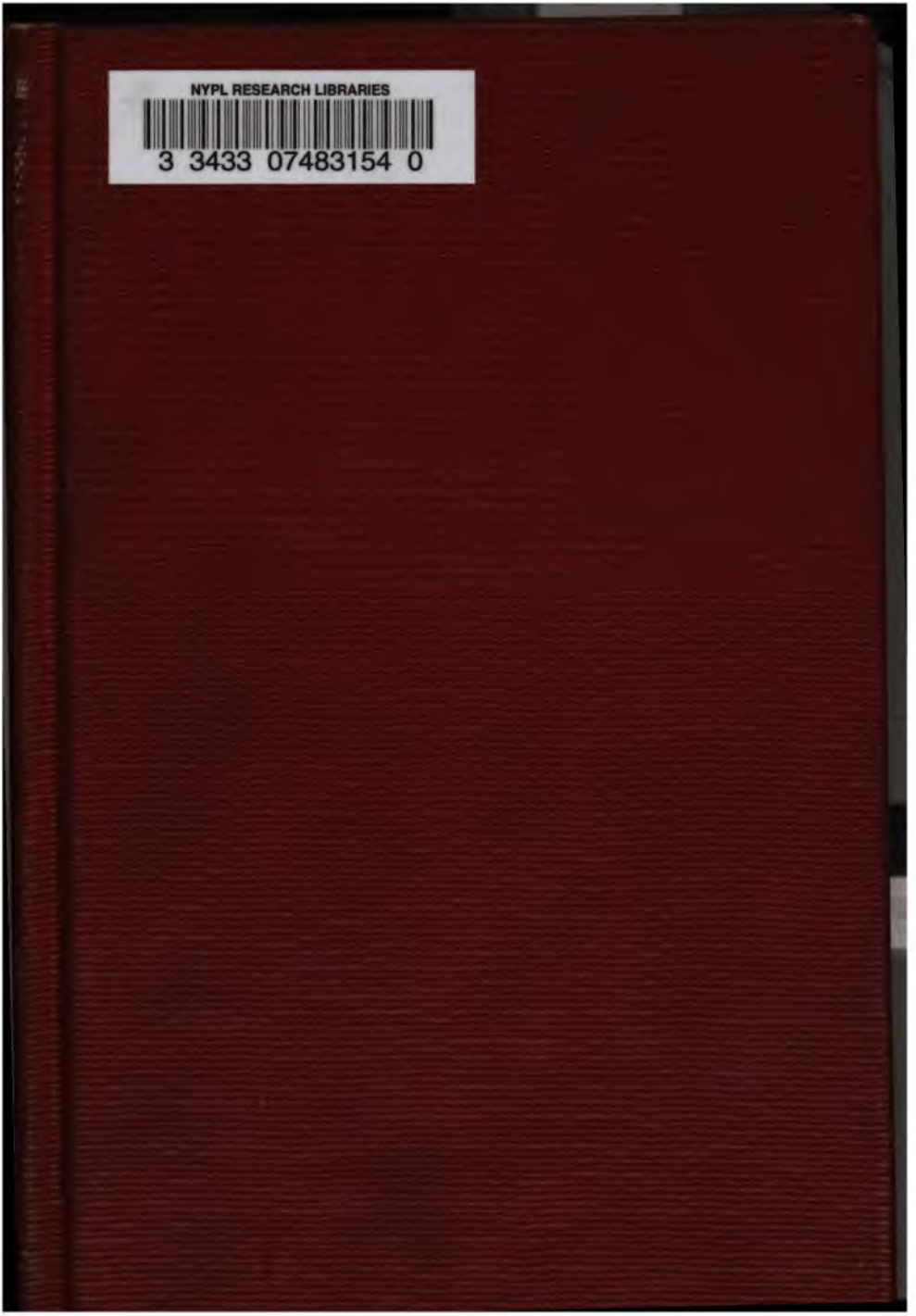
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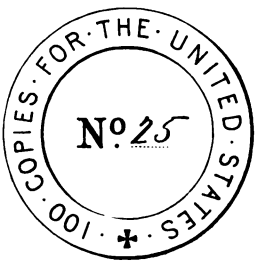

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THE ALDINE EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS

THE POEMS OF SAMUEL BUTLER

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

THE POETICAL WORKS OF

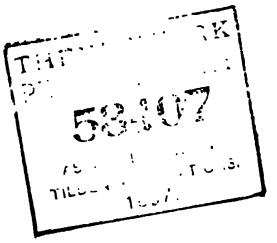
SAMUEL BUTLER

VOLUME II

LONDON

BELL AND DALDY FLEET STREET

1866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CONTENTS.

VOL. II

Page

HUDIBRAS. Part III. Canto II. . . 1
Canto III. . . 66
An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras to his Lady. 92
The Lady's Answer to the Knight 104

THE REMAINS OF BUTLER.

Preface 119
The Elephant in the Moon 123
The Elephant in the Moon. In long verse 139
A Satire upon the Royal Society 156
Repartees between Cat and Puss at a Caterwauling . 160
To the Honourable Edward Howard, Esq. upon his incomparable Poem of the British Princes . . . 164
A Palinodie to the Honourable Edward Howard, Esq. upon his incomparable Poem of the British Princes 166
A Panegyric upon Sir John Denham's Recovery from his Madness 169
On Critics who judge of Modern Plays precisely by the Rules of the Ancients 172
Prologue to the Queen of Arragon, acted before the Duke of York, upon his Birthday 175
Epilogue to the same 177
On Philip Nye's Thanksgiving Beard 177
Satire upon the Weakness and Misery of Man . . . 182

Page
Satire upon the Licentious Age of Charles II. . . . 190
Satire upon Gaming 196
Satire—To a bad Poet 199
Satire upon our ridiculous Imitation of the French . . 203
Satire upon Drunkenness 207
Satire upon Marriage 211
Satire upon Plagiaries 215
Satire upon the Imperfection and Abuse of Human Learning. Part I. 221
Fragments of an intended Second Part of the foregoing Satire 228
On a Hypocritical Nonconformist 239
On Modern Critics 247
To the Happy Memory of the most renowned Du-Val 252
A Ballad upon the Parliament which deliberated about making Oliver Cromwell King 259
A Ballad, in Two Parts, conjectured to be on Oliver Cromwell. Part I. 260
Part II. 263
Miscellaneous Thoughts 266
Triplets upon Avarice 294
Description of Holland 294
To his Mistress 295
To the same 296
Epigram on a Club of Sots 296
Hudibras's Elegy 296
Hudibras's Epitaph 301

HUDIBRAS.

PART III. CANTO II.*

THE ARGUMENT.

The saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests,
To share their sacrilegious preys
According to their rates of Grace:
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm;
Till, in th' effige of Rumps, the rabble
Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.

THE learned write an insect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a storm on cows,
And stings the founders of his house,
From whose corrupted flesh that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed.
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious sects,

* This canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho; neither of our heroes make their appearance: other characters are introduced. The Poet skips from the time wherein these adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and from thence to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament.

B

The maggots of corrupted texts,
That first run all religion down,
And after ev'ry swarm its own:
For as the Persian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their sons,
That were incapable t' enjoy
That empire any other way;
So Presbyter begot the other
Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,
Then bore them like the devil's dam,
Whose son and husband are the same;
And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
Nor int'rest for the common good,
Could, when their profits interfer'd,
Get quarter for each other's beard:
For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,
But only by the ears engag'd;
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they've none;
As by their truest characters,
Their constant actions, plainly' appears.
Rebellion now began for lack
Of zeal and plunder to grow slack,
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
And Providence to be out of season:
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' King's revenue, and the Church's,
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on;
Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the Cause
To cross the cudgels to the laws,
That, what by breaking them th' had gain'd,
By their support might be maintain'd;

Like thieves, that in a hemp plot lie,
Secur'd against the Hue-and-cry;
For Presbyter and Independent
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant;
Laid out their apostolic functions
On carnal Orders and Injunctions;
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On Outlawries and *Scire facias;*
At Michael's term had many trial,
Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
Into the bottomless abyss.
For when, like brethren, and like friends,
They came to share their dividends,
And ev'ry partner to possess
His church and state joint-purchases,
In which the ablest Saint, and best,
Was nam'd in trust by all the rest
To pay their money, and, instead
Of ev'ry Brother, pass the deed,
He straight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds and holy shifts,
And settled all the other shares
Upon his outward man and 's heirs;
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And pass'd upon his conscience
By pre-entail of Providence;
Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates
That had no titles to estates,
But by their spiritual attaints
Degraded from the right of Saints.
This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun

With law and conscience to fall on,
And laid about as hot and brain-sick
As th' utter barrister of Swanswick;
Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with sand-bags did of old,
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all unsanctify'd Trustees:
Till he who had no more to show
I' th' case, receiv'd the overthrow;
Or, both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.
Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd!
Turn'd out, and excommunicate,
From all affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t' a reformado Saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To stroll and teach from town to town,
And those he had taught up, teach down,
And make those uses serve agen
Against the New-enlighten'd men,
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the Cavalier;
Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic,
As pat as Popish and Prelatic;
And, with as little variation.
To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
The Good Old Cause, which some believe
To be the dev'l that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does still invite
The world to mischief with New Light,
Had store of money in her purse
When he took her for bett'r or worse,

But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door.
The Independents (whose first station
Was in the rear of Reformation,
A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,
That serv'd for horse and foot at once,
And in the saddle of one steed
The Saracen and Christian rid;
Were free of ev'ry sp'ritual order,
To preach and fight, and pray and murder)

[118] The officers and soldiers among the Independents got into pulpits, and preached and prayed as well as fought. Oliver Cromwell was famed for a preacher, and has a sermon* in print, entitled, 'Cromwell's Learned, Devout, and Conscientious Exercise, held at Sir Peter Temple's, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, upon Rom. xiii. 1.' in which are the following flowers of rhetoric: "Dearly beloved brethren and sisters, it is true this text is a malignant one; the wicked and ungodly have abused it very much; but thanks be to God, it was to their own ruin." p. 1.

"But now that I spoke of kings, the question is, Whether by the 'higher powers' are meant kings or commoners? Truly, beloved, it is a very great question among those that are learned: for may not every one that can read observe, that Paul speaks in the plural number 'higher powers?' Now, had he meant subjection to a king, he would have said, 'Let every soul be subject to the "higher power,"' if he had meant one man; but by this you see he meant more than one; he bids us 'be subject to the "higher powers,"' that is, the Council of State, the House of Commons, and the Army." ib. p. 3.

When in the 'Humble Petition' there was inserted an article against public preachers being members of Parliament, Oliver Cromwell excepted against it expressly: "Because he (he said) was one, and divers officers of the army, by whom much good had been done—and therefore desired they would explain their article."—'Heath's Chronicle,' p. 408.

Sir Roger L'Estrange observes ('Reflections upon Poggius's

* This, however, is now well known to be an imposture.

No sooner got the start, to lurch
Both disciplines of War and Church,
And Providence enough to run
The chief commanders of them down,
But carry'd on the war against
The common enemy o' th' Saints,
And in a while prevail'd so far,
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
T' attack themselves as th' had before.
  For now there was no foe in arms
T' unite their factions with alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst, themselves, at home,
Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd and swore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the Nation, Church, and State,
And all things but their laws and hate;
But when they came to treat and transact
And share the spoil of all th' had ransack't,

Fable of the Husband, Wife, and Ghostly Father,' Part I. Fab. 357), upon the pretended saints of those times, "That they did not set one step in the whole tract of this iniquity, without seeking the Lord first, and going up to enquire of the Lord, according to the cant of those days; which was no other than to make God the Author of sin, and to impute the blackest practices of hell to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost."

It was with this pretext of seeking the Lord in prayer, that Cromwell, Ireton, Harrison, and others of the regicides, cajoled General Fairfax, who was determined to rescue the king from execution, giving orders to have it speedily done: and, when they had notice that it was over, they persuaded the General that this was a full return of prayer; and God having so manifested His pleasure, they ought to acquiesce in it.—'Perenchief's Life of King Charles I.'

To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the Government,
They met no sooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the war had spar'd;
Agreed in nothing but t' abolish,
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish:
For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin,
As Dutch boors are t' a sooterkin,
Both parties join'd to do their best
To damn the public interest,
And herded only in consults,
To put by one another's bolts;
T' out-cant the Babylonian lab'rers,
At all their dialects of jabb'rers,
And tug at both ends of the saw,
To tear down government and law.
For as two cheats that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim;
So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Although there's nothing lost nor won,
The public bus'ness is undone,
Which still, the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.
  This when the Royalists perceiv'd,
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the Church and Crown)
Th' united constanter, and sided
The more, the more their foes divided:
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down,
Their duty never was defeated,

Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
But when these Brethren in evil,
Their adversaries, and the devil,
Began once more to shew them play,
And hopes at least to have a day,
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented solitudes;
Conven'd at midnight in out-houses,
T' appoint new-rising rendezvouses,
And, with a pertinacy' unmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No sooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party started,
And as if Nature too, in haste
To furnish our supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd destruction
T' a new and numerous production;
No sooner those were overcome
But up rose others in their room,
That, like the Christian faith, increast
The more, the more they were supprest;
Whom neither chains nor transportation,
Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
Nor all the desperate events
Of former try'd experiments,
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off Loyalty and dangling,

201 202 The brave spirit of loyalty was not to be suppressed by the most barbarous and inhuman usage. There are se-

Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the right,
From staking life and fortune down
'Gainst all together, for the Crown;
But kept the title of their cause
From forfeiture like claims in laws;
And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation
Can ever settle on the nation;
Until, in spite of force and treason,
They put their loyalty in possession;
And, by their constancy and faith,
Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.

veral remarkable instances upon record; as that of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, the loyal Mr. Gerrard, and Mr. Vowel, in 1654; of Mr. Penruddock, Grove, and others, who suffered for their loyalty at Exeter, 1654-5; of Captain Reynolds, who had been of the King's party, and, when he was going to be turned off the ladder, cried, God bless King Charles, 'Vive le Roi'; of Dalgelly, one of Montrose's party, who being sentenced to be beheaded, and being brought to the scaffold, ran and kissed it; and, without any speech or ceremony, laid down his head upon the block and was beheaded; of the brave Sir Robert Spotiswood; of Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Portman, who were committed to the Tower the beginning of February, 1657, for dispersing among the soldiers what were then called 'seditious' books and pamphlets.

Nor ought the loyalty of the six counties of North Wales to be passed over in silence, who never addressed or petitioned during the Usurpation; nor the common soldier mentioned in the 'Oxford Diurnal,' first week, p. 6. See more in the story of the 'Impertinent Sheriff,' L'Estrange's 'Fables,' Part II. Fab. 265. Mr. Butler, or Mr. Pryn, speaking of the gallant behaviour of the Loyalists, says, "Other nations would have canonized for martyrs, and erected statues after their death, to the memory of some of our compatriots, whom ye have barbarously defaced and mangled, yet alive, for no other motive than undaunted zeal."

Toss'd in a furious hurricane,
Did Oliver give up his reign,
And was believ'd, as well by Saints
As moral men and miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,
Who, in a false erroneous dream,
Mistook the New Jerusalem
Profanely for the apocryphal

215 216 At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation. It is observed, in a tract entitled, 'No Fool to the old Fool,' L'Estrange's 'Apology,' p. 93, "That Oliver, after a long course of treason, murder, sacrilege, perjury, rapine, &c. finished his accursed life in agony and fury, and without any mark of true repentance." Though most of our historians mention the hurricane at his death, yet few take notice of the storm in the northern counties, that day the House of Peers ordered the digging up his carcase, with other regicides. The author of the 'Parley between the Ghost of the late Protector and the King of Sweden in Hell,' 1660, p. 19, merrily observes, "That he was even so turbulent and seditious there, that he was chained, by way of punishment, in the general pissing place, next the court-door, with a strict charge that nobody that made water thereabouts should piss any-where but against his body."

220 The news of Oliver's death being brought to those who were met to pray for him, Mr. Peter Sterry stood up, and desired them not to be troubled; "For (said he) this is good news, because, if he was of use to the people of God when he was amongst us, he will be much more so now, being ascended into heaven, at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us upon all occasions." Dr South makes mention of an Independent divine (Sermons, vol. i. serm. iii. p. 102) who, when Oliver was sick, of which sickness he died, declared, "That God revealed to him that he should recover, and live thirty years longer; for that God had raised him up for a work which could not be done in a less time." But Oliver's death being published two days

False Heaven at the end o' th' Hall;
Whither it was decreed by Fate
His precious reliques to translate:
So Romulus was seen before
B' as orthodox a senator,
From whose divine illumination
He stole the Pagan revelation.
Next him his son and heir-apparent
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent;

after, the said divine publickly in his prayers expostulated with God the defeat of His prophecy in these words: "Thou hast lied unto us; yea, Thou hast lied unto us."

So familiar were those wretches with God Almighty, that Dr. Echard observes of one of them, "That he pretended to have got such an interest in Christ, and such an exact knowledge of affairs above, that he could tell the people that he had just before received an express from Jesus upon such a business, and that the ink was scarce dry upon the paper."

224 After the Restoration Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set up at the farther end of Westminster-hall, near which place there is a house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of 'Heaven.'

231 232 Oliver's eldest son, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his successor; and, by order of the Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence at the same time from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; and addresses were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognised him Lord Protector; yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

What opinion the world had of him we learn from Lord Clarendon's account of his visit 'incog.' to the Prince of Conti at Pezenas, who received him civilly, as he did all strangers, and particularly the English; and, after a few words (not knowing who he was), the Prince began to discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions

Who first laid by the Parl'ament,
The only crutch on which he leant,
And then sunk underneath the state,
That rode him above horseman's weight.
And now the Saints began their reign,
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such bowel-hankerings
To see an empire, all of kings,
Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe
Of justice, government, and law,

concerning the King, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him? which the other answered according to the truth. "Well," said the Prince, "Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command: but for that Richard, that coxcomb, coquin, poltroon, he was surely the basest fellow alive. What is become of that fool? How is it possible he could be such a sot?" He answered, "That he was betrayed by those he most trusted, and had been most obliged to his father." So being weary of his visit, he quickly took his leave, and next morning left the town, out of fear that the Prince might know that he was the very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly; and two days after the Prince did come to know who he was that he had treated so well. 'Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, vol. iii. p. 519.' See a curious anecdote of Richard Cromwell in Dr. Maty's Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield.

237 A sneer upon the Committee of Safety, amongst whom was Sir Henry Vane, who (as Lord Clarendon observes) "was a perfect enthusiast, and without doubt did believe himself inspired; which so far corrupted his reason and understanding, that he did at the same time believe he was the person deputed to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years."

241 242 Dr. James Young observes, "that two Jesuitical prognosticators, Lilly and Culpeper, were so confident, anno 1652, of the total subversion of the law and gospel ministry, that in their scurrilous prognostications they predicted the downfall of both; and, in 1654, they foretold, that the law should be pulled down to the ground, the Great Charter and

'ree t' erect what sp'ritual cantons
d be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,
ify upon the ruins
hn of Leyden's old outgoings,
for a weather-cock hung up
their mother-church's top,
nade a type by Providence
their revelations since,
ıow fulfill'd by his successors,
equally mistook their measures:
'hen they came to shape the model,
ne could fit another's noddle;
)und their Light and Gifts more wide
fadging than th' unsanctify'd,
: every individual Brother
ɜ hand to fist against another,
ıtill the maddest and most crackt
found the busiest to transact;
ıough most hands dispatch apace
nake light work (the proverb says),
ıany diff'rent intellects
)und t' have contrary effects;
nany heads t' obstruct intrigues,
'west insects have most legs.
ne were for setting up a king,
l the rest for no such thing,

liberties destroyed, as not suiting with Englishmen
ɜ blessed times; that the crab-tree of the law should
ɜd up by the roots, and grow no more, there being no
now we should be governed by them.

' Harry Martyn, in his speech in the debate Whether
or no King? said, "That, if they must have a King,
ad rather have had the last than any gentleman
and. He found no fault in his person but office."

Unless King Jesus: others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert;
Some for the Rump; and some, more crafty,
For Agitators, and the Safety:

[269] Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy men, who had formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell, and set up King Jesus.

[269 270] Fleetwood was a lieutenant-general; he married Ireton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's eldest daughter; was made Lord-lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, major-general of divers counties, one of Oliver's upper house; his salary supposed to be £6,600. a-year. Desborough, a yeoman of £60. or £70. per annum; some say a ploughman. Bennet, speaking to Desborough, says, "When your Lordship was a plowman, and wore high shoon—Ha! how the Lord raiseth some men, and depresseth others!" Desborough married Cromwell's sister, cast away his spade, and took up a sword, and was made a colonel; was instrumental in raising Cromwell to the Protectorship, upon which he was made one of his council, a general at sea, and major-general of divers counties of the west; and was one of Oliver's upper house. His annual income was £3,236. 13*s.* 4*d.*

[270] VAR. 'Lambard.' Lambert was one of the Rump generals, and a principal opposer of General Monk in the restoration of King Charles II. The writer of the Narrative of the late Parliament so called, 1657, p. 9, observes, "That Major-general Lambert, as one of Oliver's council, had £1,000. per annum, which, with his other places, in all amounted to £6,512. 3*s.* 4*d.*"

[272] In 1647 the Army made choice of a set number of officers, which they called the General Council of Officers; and the common soldiers made choice of three or four of each regiment, mostly corporals and serjeants, who were called by the name of Agitators, and were to be a house of Commons to the Council of Officers. These drew up a Declaration, that they would not be disbanded till their arrears were paid, and a full provision made for liberty of conscience. Some of the positions of the Agitators here follow: "That all inns of court and chancery, all courts of justice now erected, as well civil as ecclesiastical, with the common, civil, canon, and statute laws, formerly in force, and all corporations, tenures, copyholds, rents, and services, with all titles and degrees of honour, nobility, and gentry, elevating one free

› for the Gospel, and massacres
›'ritual Affidavit-makers,
swore to any human regence
s of supremacy and allegiance,
though the ablest swearing Saint
vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant:
rs for pulling down th' high places
ynods and Provincial Classes,
us'd to make such hostile inroads
ı the Saints, like bloody Nimrods:
› for fulfilling Prophecies,
the extirpation of th' Excise;
some against th' Egyptian bondage
[oly-days, and paying Poundage:
› for the cutting down of Groves,
rectifying bakers' Loaves;
some for finding out expedients

:t above another, may be totally abolished, as clogs, ›, and grievances to a free-born people, and inconsistent that universal parity and equal condition which ought among freemen, and opposite to the communion of

'hat all the lands and estates of deans, chapters, pre-, universities, colleges, halls, free-schools, cities, cor-ions, ministers' glebe-lands, and so much of the lands of ›bility, gentry, and rich citizens and yeomen, as ex-the sum of three hundred pounds per annum, and all ›evenues of the Crown belonging to the King or his 'en, be equally divided between the officers and soldiers he army, to satisfy their arrears, and recompense their services."

nmittee of Safety, a set of men who took upon them ›vernment upon displacing the Rump a second time. number amounted to twenty-three, which, though up with men of all parties (Royalists excepted), yet ›o craftily composed, that the balance was sufficiently ›d to those of the army faction.

Against the slav'ry of Obedience:
Some were for Gospel-ministers,
And some for Red-coat Seculars,
As men most fit t' hold forth the Word,
And wield the one and th' other sword:
Some were for carrying on the Work
Against the Pope, and some the Turk;
Some for engaging to suppress
The camisado of Surplices,
That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' outward man the inward;
More proper for the cloudy night
Of Popery than Gospel-light:
Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a Ring,
With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom
Is marry'd only to a thumb,
(As wise as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground and dig),
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after-marriage still:
Some were for th' utter extirpation
Of linsey-woolsey in the nation;
And some against all idolising
The Cross in shop-books, or Baptising:
Others, to make all things recant
The Christian or Surname of Saint,
And force all churches, streets, and towns,
The holy title to renounce:

308 VAR. 'That is to.' 'That uses to.'

317 318 The Mayor of Colchester banished one of that town, for a malignant and a cavalier, in the year 1643, whose name was Parsons, and gave this learned reason for this exemplary piece of justice, that it was an ominous name.

Some 'gainst a third estate of Souls,
And bringing down the price of Coals:
Some for abolishing Black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in;
To abrogate them roots and branches,
While others were for eating Haunches
Of warriors, and, now and then,

[322] This was the spirit of the times. There was a proposal to carry twenty Royalists in front of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, to expose them to the fire of the enemy; and one Gourdon moved, "That the Lady Capel and her children, and the Lady Norwich might be sent to the General with the same directions, saying, their husbands would be careful of their safety; and when divers opposed so barbarous a motion, and alleged that Lady Capel was great with child, near her time, Gourdon pressed it the more eagerly, as if he had taken the General for a man-midwife. Nay, it was debated at a council of war to massacre and put to the sword all the King's party: the question put was carried in the negative but by two votes." Their endeavour was "how to diminish the number of their opposites, the Royalists and Presbyterians, by a massacre; for which purpose many dark lanthorns were provided last winter, 1649, which coming to the common rumour of the town, put them in danger of the infamy and hatred that would overwhelm them: so this was laid aside." A bill was brought in, 1656, for decimating the Royalists, but thrown out. And this spirit was but too much encouraged by their clergy. Mr. Caryl, in a 'Thanksgiving Sermon' before the Commons, April 23, 1644, p. 46, says, "If Christ will set up His kingdom upon the carcases of the slain, it well becomes all elders to rejoice and give thanks. Cut them down with the sword of justice, root them out, and consume them as with fire, that no root may spring up again."

Of this spirit was Mr. George Swathe, minister of Denham, in Suffolk, who, in a prayer, July 13, 1641, or 1642, has the following remarkable words: "Lord, if no composition will end the controversy between the King and the Parliament, but the King and his party will have blood, let them drink of their own cup; let their blood be spilled like water; let their blood be sacrificed to Thee, O God, for the sins of our nation."

The Flesh of kings and mighty men;
And some for breaking of their Bones
With rods of ir'n by secret ones;
For thrashing mountains, and with spells
For hallowing carriers' packs and bells;
Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the Wicked sore afeard of.
  The quacks of government (who sate
At th' unregarded helm of State,
And understood this wild confusion
Of fatal madness and delusion
Must, sooner than a prodigy,
Portend destruction to be nigh)
Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
And save their wind-pipes from the law;
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in war;
And therefore met in consultation
To cant and quack upon the nation;
Not for the sickly patient's sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the pulses of their fees,
More wise than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—gain.
  'Mong these there was a politician
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the whores of Babylon;
So politic as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy,

[361] This was Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who complied with every change in those times.

That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink;
And in his dark pragmatic way
As busy as a child at play.
H' had seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one:
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall:
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his int'rest with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, though against
His conscience, and was still advanc'd:
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble State-camelion,
By giving aim from side to side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of ev'ry state,
And at a change ne'er came too late;
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lathe;
By turning wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out for new:
For when h' had happily incurr'd,
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd,
And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went:
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
The public ruin and his own;
So little did he understand
The desp'rate feats he took in hand;
For when h' had got himself a name

For frauds and tricks, he spoil'd his game,
Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
To shew his play at fast and loose;
And, when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,
For art and subtlety, his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit,
And both together most profound
At deeds of darkness under ground;
As th' earth is easiest undermin'd
By vermin impotent and blind.
  By all these arts, and many more
H' had practis'd long and much before,
Our state-artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw:
For as old sinners have all points
O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And, better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons;
So guilty sinners in a state
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain
Some days before a show'r of rain:
He therefore wisely cast about
All ways he could t' insure his throat,
And hither came t' observe and smoke
What courses other riskers took,
And to the utmost do his best
To save himself and hang the rest.

[420] Sir A. Ashley Cooper was of the miller's mind, who was concerned in the Cornish rebellion, in the year 1558.

To match this Saint there was another,
As busy and perverse a Brother,
An haberdasher of small wares
In politics and state affairs;
More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel,
And better gifted to rebel;
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
The Cause aloft upon one house,
He scorn'd to set his own in order,

He, apprehending that Sir William Kingston, Provost-marshal, and a rigorous man upon that occasion, would order him to be hanged upon the next tree, before he went off told his servant that he expected some gentlemen would come a fishing to the mill, and if they enquired for the miller, he ordered him to say that he was the miller. Sir William came, according to expectation, and enquiring for the miller, the poor harmless servant said he was the miller: upon which the Provost ordered his servants to seize him, and hang him upon the next tree; which terrified the poor fellow, and made him cry out I am not the miller, but the miller's man. The Provost told him, that he would take him at his word: "If," says he, "thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and rebel; and if thou art the miller's man, thou art a false lying knave, and canst not do thy master more service than to hang for him:" and, without more ceremony, he was executed.

421 This character exactly suits John Lilburn, and no other, especially the 437, 438, 439, and 440th lines: for it was said of him, when living, by Judge Jenkins, "That if the world was emptied of all but himself, Lilburn would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn:" which part of his character gave occasion for the following lines at his death:

Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone?
Farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John.
Yet, being dead, take this advice from me,
Let them not both in one grave buried be:
Lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout,
For if they both should meet they would fall out.

But try'd another, and went further;
So sullenly addicted still
To 's only principle, his will,
That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of argument could move,
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'burn,
Could render half a grain less stubborn;
For he at any time would hang
For th' opportunity t' harangue;
And rather on a gibbet dangle
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle;
In which his parts were so accomplisht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust;
But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,
And with its everlasting clack
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to pickeer,
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in controversy;
Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teasing;
With vollies of eternal babble,
And clamour more unanswerable.
For though his topics, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He still maintain'd them, like his faults,
Against the desp'ratest assaults,
And back'd their feeble want of sense
With greater heat and confidence;
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they 're cudgel'd grow the stiffer,

Yet when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated;
For nothing but his interest
Could lay his devil of contest:
It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
T' espouse the Cause for better or worse,
And with his worldly goods and wit,
And soul and body, worshipp'd it:
But when he found the sullen trapes
Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps,
The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,
Not half so full of jadish tricks,
Though squeamish in her outward woman,
As loose and rampant as Dol Common,
He still resolv'd, to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obstinater;
And still, the skittisher and looser
Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer:
For fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay;
And obstinacy 's ne'er so stiff
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
  These two, with others, being met,
And close in consultation set,
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,
The orator we nam'd of late,
Less troubled with the pangs of state
Than with his own impatience
To give himself first audience,

486 486 This cabal was held at Whitehall, at the very time that General Monk was dining with the city of London.

After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence and the ice.
  Quoth he, There 's nothing makes me doubt
Our last Outgoings brought about
More than to see the characters
Of real jealousies and fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's forehead;
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,
And revolutions in their corns;
And, since our Workings-out are crost,
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away we meant
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lamest cripples of the Brothers
Took oaths to run before all others,
But, in their own sense, only swore
To strive to run away before,
And now would prove that words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true the Cause is in the lurch
Between a right and mongrel church,
The Presbyter and Independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on't,
As 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient—(I mean Marg'ret's fast)—
When Providence had been suborn'd

[521] Alluding to the impudence of those pretended Saints, who frequently directed God Almighty what answers He should return to their prayers. Mr. Simeon Ash was called 'the God-challenger.'

answer was to be return'd:
why should tumults fright us now
ave so many times gone through,
understand as well to tame
hen they serve our turns, t' inflame?
prov'd how inconsiderable
ll engagements of the rabble,
e frenzies must be reconcil'd
drums and rattles, like a child,
ever prov'd so prosperous
hen they were led on by us;
ll our scouring of religion
n with tumults and sedition;
hurricanes of fierce commotion
me strong motives to devotion;
arnal seamen, in a storm,
pious converts and reform);
rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
tain'd our feeble privileges,
brown-bills, levy'd in the City,
bills to pass the Grand Committee:
Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
chace to rochets and white sleeves,
made the Church, and State, and Laws,
it t' old iron and the Cause.
as we thriv'd by tumults then,
ight we better now agen,
knew how, as then we did,
se them rightly in our need:
ults by which the mutinous
y themselves instead of us;
hollow-hearted, disaffected,
close malignant, are detected;

Who lay their lives and fortunes down
For pledges to secure our own;
And freely sacrifice their ears
T' appease our jealousies and fears:
And yet for all these providences
W' are offer'd, if we have our senses,
We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets,
And nothing but our tongues at large
To get the wretches a discharge:
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts;
Or fools besotted with their crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
That neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away;
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand or fall at least together;
No mean nor trivial solaces
To partners in extreme distress,
Who use to lessen their despairs
By parting them int' equal shares;
As if the more there were to bear
They felt the weight the easier,
And ev'ry one the gentler hung
The more he took his turn among.
But 'tis not come to that as yet,
If we had courage left, or wit,
Who, when our fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest course,
Have time to rally, and prepare
Our last and best defence, despair:
Despair, by which the gallant'st feats

Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
And horrid'st dangers safely waiv'd,
By being courageously outbrav'd;
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And poisons by themselves expell'd:
And so they might be now agen,
If we were, what we should be, men;
And not so dully desperate,
To side against ourselves with Fate:
As criminals condemn'd to suffer
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking Covenants,
And setting up exauns of Saints,
That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excus'd the efficace:
For sp'ritual men are too transcendent,
That mount their banks for independent,
To hang, like Mah'met, in the air,
Or St. Ignatius at his prayer,
By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon church or state:
Disdain the pedantry o' th' latter,
And since obedience is better
(The Scripture says) than sacrifice,
Presume the less on 't will suffice;
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
Or any opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals;
But left at large to make their best on,
Without b'ing call'd t' account or question;

[600] Exauns should be written 'exemts,' or 'exempts,' which is a French word, pronounced 'exauns.'

Interpret all the spleen reveals,
As Whittington explain'd the bells:
And bid themselves turn back agen
Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem;
But look so big and overgrown,
They scorn their edifiers to own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
Their tones, and sanctified expressions;
Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like charity on those that want;
And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes,
For which they scorn and hate them worse
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders:
For who first bred them up to pray,
And teach the House of Commons' way?
Where had they all their gifted phrases,
But from our Calamys and Cases?
Without whose sprinkleing and sowing,
Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
Their Dispensations had been stifled,
But for our Adoniram Byfield;
And had they not begun the war,
Th' had ne'er been sainted as they are:
For Saints in peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate;

636 Calamy and Case were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were amongst the Independents.

640 'Adoniram Byfield.' He was a broken apothecary, a zealous Covenanter, one of the scribes to the Assembly of Divines: and, no doubt, for his great zeal and painstaking in his office, he had the profit of printing the 'Directory,' the copy whereof was sold for £400, though, when printed, the price was but three-pence.

Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,
In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
Abates the sharpness of its edge,
Without the pow'r of sacrilege:
And though they've tricks to cast their sins,
As easy as serpents do their skins,
That in a while grow out agen,
In peace they turn mere carnal men,
And from the most refin'd of Saints
As nat'rally grow miscreants
As barnacles turn Soland geese
In th' islands of the Orcades.
Their Dispensation's but a ticket
For their conforming to the Wicked,
With whom their greatest difference
Lies more in words and show, than sense:
For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;
So he that keeps the gate of hell,
Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well;
And, if the world has any troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their sp'ritual gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the overheated sots
In fever still, like other goats;
For though the whore bends heretics
With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,
Our Schismatics so vastly differ,

[648] It is an observation made by many writers upon the Assembly of Divines, that in their annotations upon the Bible they cautiously avoid speaking upon the subject of sacrilege.

The hotter th' are they grow the stiffer;
Still setting off their sp'ritual goods
With fierce and pertinacious feuds:
For Zeal 's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant,
And Independents to profess
The doctrine of Dependences;
Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody-bones;
And, not content with endless quarrels
Against the wicked and their morals,
The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For now the war is not between
The Brethren and the Men of Sin,
But Saint and Saint to spill the blood
Of one another's Brotherhood,
Where neither side can lay pretence
To liberty of conscience,
Or zealous suff'ring for the Cause,
To gain one groat's worth of applause;
For, though endur'd with resolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.
Shall precious Saints, and Secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the flesh of Bretheren,
Instead of kings and mighty men?
When fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?
When Bel 's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;
When savage bears agree with bears,
Shall secret ones lug Saints by th' ears,

ot atone their fatal wrath,
common danger threatens both ?
mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,
'd with bulls, let go their hold ?
aints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
tice of the danger take ?
ough no pow'r of heav'n or hell
acify fanatic zeal,
would not guess there might be hopes
ar of gallowses and ropes,
their eyes, might reconcile
animosities a while,
st until th' had a clear stage,
qual freedom to engage,
ut the danger of surprise
th our common enemies ?
s none but we alone could doubt
understand their workings-out,
now 'em, both in soul and conscience,
up t' as reprobate a nonsense
'ritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
racle can ne'er restore.
hom at first they set up under
elation only of plunder,
since have had so many trials
ir incroaching self-denials,
rook'd upon us with design
t-reform and undermine ;
all our interests and commands,
iously, out of our hands ;
'd us in the guilt of blood,
ut the motive-gains allow'd,
nade us serve as ministerial,

Like younger sons of Father Belial:
And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong
Th' had done us and the Cause so long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work still, as we had begun;
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;
Nor put them to the charge of jails,
To find us pill'ries and carts'-tails,
Or hangman's wages, which the state
Was forc'd (before them) to be at;
That cut, like tallies, to the stumps
Our ears, for keeping true accompts,
And burnt our vessels, like a new
Seal'd peck or bushel, for b'ing true;
But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held for the Cause against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield
One syllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men,
Our inward men, and constant frame
Of spirit, still were near the same;
And, till they first began to cant,
And sprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Against the common enemy,
Although 'twas our, and their opinion,
Each other's church was but a Rimmon:

et for all this Gospel-union,
utward show of Church-communion,
l ne'er admit us to our shares
ing Church or State affairs,
ive us leave t' absolve or sentence
own conditions of repentance,
ıar'd our dividend o' th' Crown
ıd so painfully preach'd down,
ɔrc'd us, though against the grain,
'e calls to teach it up again ;
was but justice to restore
/rongs we had receiv'd before ;
when 'twas held forth in our way,
d been ungrateful not to pay ;
for the right we've done the nation,
earn'd our temporal salvation ;
ıut our vessels in a way
more to come again in play :
the turning of us out
rought this providence about,
hat our only suffering
e to bring in the King,
would our actions not have done,
ve been suffer'd to go on ?
herefore may pretend t' a share,
st, in carrying on th' affair :
hether that be so or not,
ve done enough to have it thought,
hat 's as good as if w' had done 't,
asier pass'd upon account :
it be but half deny'd,
alf as good as justify'd,
'orld is nat'rally averse

To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
With greediness and gluttony;
And though it have the pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong;
As women long, when they're with child,
For things extravagant and wild;
For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
But seldom anything that 's wholesome;
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles
Turn round upon their ears, the poles,
And what they 're confidently told,
By no sense else can be control'd.
  And this, perhaps, may prove the means
Once more to hedge in Providence.
For as relapses make diseases
More desp'rate than their first accesses,
If we but get again in pow'r,
Our work is easier than before,
And we more ready and expert
I' th' mystery, to do our part;
We, who did rather undertake
The first war to create, than make;
And, when of nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry 't on;
Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,
With plots and projects of our own;
And if we did such feats at first,
What can we, now w' are better verst?
Who have a freer latitude,
Than sinners give themselves, allow'd;
And therefore likeliest to bring in,
On fairest terms, our Discipline;

ich it was reveal'd long since
ɔre ordain'd by Providence,
three Saints' ears, our predecessors,
ause's primitive confessors,
crucify'd, the nation stood
ɨ so many years of blood,
multiplied by six, exprest
erfect number of the Beast,
rov'd that we must be the men,
ng this Work about agen;
hose who laid the first foundation,
ete the thorough Reformation:
ho have gifts to carry on
ɔat a work, but we alone?
Churches have such able pastors,
recious, powerful, preaching Masters?
ɯs'd with absolute dominions,
ɨrethren's purses and opinions?
rusted with the double keys
ɔven, and their warehouses;
when the Cause is in distress,
ɯrnish out what sums they please,
brooding lie in bankers' hands,
dispos'd at their commands;
laily increase and multiply,
Doctrine, Use, and Usury:
ɔtch in parties (as, in war,
her heads of cattle are)
th' enemy of all religions,
ɔll as high and low conditions,

ɨurton, Pryn, and Bastwick, three notorious ring-
of the factions, just at the beginning of the late horrid
on.

And share them, from blue ribands, down
To all blue aprons in the Town:
From ladies hurried in caleshes,
With cornets at their footmen's breeches,
To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
All guts and belly, like a crab.
Our party 's great, and better ty'd
With oaths and trade, than any side;
Has one considerable improvement
To double fortify the Cov'nant;
I mean our Covenant to purchase
Delinquents' titles, and the Church's,
That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
Among ourselves, for current land,
And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
According to the rate of factions;
Our best reserve for Reformation,
When new Outgoings give occasion;
That keeps the loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their creed) t' assert;
And, when they 've pack'd a Parl'ament,
Will once more try th' expedient:
Who can already muster friends
To serve for members to our ends;
That represent no part o' th' nation,
But Fisher's-folly congregation;
Are only tools to our intrigues,
And sit like geese to hatch our eggs;
Who, by their precedents of wit,
T' outfast, outloiter, and outsit,
Can order matters underhand,
To put all bus'ness to a stand;
Lay public bills aside for private,

ıake 'em one another drive out;
; the great and necessary,
trifles to contest and vary:
ıake the nation represent,
erve for us in Parl'ament;
ıt more work than can be done
ıto's year, but finish none,
ı it be the bulls of Lenthal,
ılways pass'd for fundamental;
ɜt up grandee against grandee,
ıander time away, and bandy;
Lords and Commoners lay sieges
e another's privileges;
rather than compound the quarrel,
ɟe, to th' inevitable peril
ɬh their ruins, th' only scope
onsolation of our hope;
though we do not play the game,
as much by giving aim;
ıtroduce our ancient arts,
eads of factions, t' act their parts;
what a leading voice is worth,
onding, a third, or fourth:
much a easting voice comes to,
turns up trump of 'Aye' or 'No;'
by adjusting all at th' end,

Mr. Lenthal was Speaker to that House of Commons began the Rebellion, murdered the King, becoming nt the Rump, or fag-end of a House, was turned out ver Cromwell; restored after Richard was outed, and dissolved themselves at General Monk's command: his name was set to the ordinances of this House, ordinances are here called the 'Bulls of Lenthal,' in n to the Pope's bulls, which are humorously described author of 'A Tale of a Tub.'

Share ev'ry one his dividend.
An art that so much study cost,
And now 's in danger to be lost,
Unless our ancient virtuosis,
That found it out, get into th' Houses.
These are the courses that we took
To carry things by hook or crook,
And practis'd down from forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of door,
Besides, the herds of Boutefeus
We set on work without the House,
When ev'ry knight and citizen
Kept legislative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence
From all points of the rabble's sense,
And fill the lobbies of both Houses
With politic important buzzes;
Set up committees of cabals,
To pack designs without the walls;
Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our present use;
Agree upon the plot o' th' farce,
And every one his part rehearse;
Make Q's of answers, to waylay
What th' other party 's like to say;
What repartees and smart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections;
And who shall break the master jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest:

934 Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges who dissented from their ten brethren in the case of ship-money, when it was argued in the Exchequer; which occasioned the wags to say, that the King carried it by 'Hook,' but not by 'Crook.'

Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
Of proper slanders and seditions,
And treason for a token send,
By letter, to a country friend;
Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit,
With falser than a padder's face,
That all its owner does betrays,
Who therefore dares not trust it, when
He 's in his calling to be seen;
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth;
Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations:
For charlatans can do no good,
Until they 're mounted in a crowd;
And when they 're punish'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for 't;
As long as confessors are sure
Of double pay for all th' endure,
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution:
Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
In powd'ring-tubs their richest trade;
And, while they kept their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen.
Disdain to own the least regret
For all the Christian blood w' have let;
'Twill save our credit, and maintain
Our title to do so again;
That needs not cost one dram of sense,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our constancy t' our principles,

In time, will wear out all things else;
Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces
With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses;
While those who turn and wind their oaths,
Have swell'd and sunk like other froths;
Prevail'd a while, but, 'twas not long
Before from world to world they swung;
As they had turn'd from side to side,
And as the changelings liv'd they died.
  This said, th' impatient states-monger
Could now contain himself no longer,
Who had not spar'd to shew his piques
Against th' haranguer's politics,
With smart remarks of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces.
After h' had administer'd a dose
Of snuff mundungus to his nose,
And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
Instead of th' outward jobbernol,
He shook it with a scornful look
On th' adversary, and thus he spoke:
  In dressing a calf's head, although
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols
With such insufferable rambles,

995 996 Dr. South remarks upon the Regicides, "That so sure did they make of heaven, and so fully reckoned themselves in the high road thither, that they never so much as thought that their Saintships should take Tyburn in the way."

1004 VAR. 'Grimashes.'

1007 VAR. 'Inside of his soul.'

: the bringing in the King
ping of him out one thing?
ione could do, but those that swore
int blank nonsense heretofore;
defend was to invade,
assassinate to aid:
ɔecause you drove him out
at was never made a doubt),
r is able to restore
ıg him in, but on your score;
ıal doctrine, that conduces
ɔperly to all your uses.
: a scorpion's oil is said
the wounds the vermin made;
ıpons dress'd with salves restore
l the hurts they gave before:
ther Presbyterians have
ı good nature as the salve,
e in them as the vermin,
ho have try'd them can determine.
'tis pity you should miss
ars of all your services,
· th' eternal obligation
laid upon th' ungrateful nation,
so unconscionably hard,
o find a just reward
ng rapine loose, and murther,
just so far, but no further,
ing all the land on fire,
t' a scantling, but no higher;
'ring to assassinate
the throats of Church and State,
be allow'd the fittest men

To take the charge of both agen:
Especially that have the grace
Of self-denying gifted face;
Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On those you painfully trepann'd,
And sprinkled in at second hand;
As we have been, to share the guilt
Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt:
For so our ignorance was flamm'd,
To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd;
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at Back-gammon,
And win your necks upon the set,
As well as ours who did but bet,
(For he had drawn your ears before,
And nick'd them on the self-same score),
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had lost us at foul play,
And brought you down to rook and lye,
And fancy only on the bye;
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty poles,
And rescu'd all your outward traitors
From hanging up like alligators;
For which ingeniously y' have shew'd
Your Presbyterian gratitude;
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Those were your motives to divide,

[1065] Alluding to the case of Mr. Pryn, who had his ears cropped twice for his seditious writings.

cruple, on the other side,
:n your zealous frauds, and force,
; of conscience and remorse;
convinc'd they were in vain,
ace about for new again;
'uth no more unveil'd your eyes,
maggots are convinc'd to flies;
herefore all your Lights and Calls
ut apocryphal and false,
arge us with the consequences
your native insolences,
to your own imperious wills,
Law and Gospel neck and heels;
pted the Old Testament,
rve the New for precedent;
end its errors and defects,
murder and rebellion-texts;
nich there is not any one
. the book to sow upon;
herefore (from your tribe) the Jews
Christian doctrine forth, and use;
ahomet (your chief) began
ix them in the Alcoran;
anc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
ended elbows on the cushion;
from the beggars all your tones,
gifted mortifying groans;
ights where better eyes were blind,

VAR. 'Than maggots when they turn to flies.'
This was done by a fanatical printer, in the seventh
ndment; who printed it, 'Thou shalt commit adultery,'
s fined for it in the Star-chamber, or High-commission

As pigs are said to see the wind;
Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
And Knightsbridge with illumination;
Made children, with your tones, to run for 't,
As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford.
While women, great with child, miscarry'd,
For being to Malignants marry'd:
Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,
Whose husbands were not for the Cause;
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
Because they came not out to battle;
Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz,
And rather forfeit their indentures,
Than not espouse the Saints' adventures:
Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,

[1112] It was one of the artifices of the Male-contents in the Civil war to raise false alarms, and to fill the people full of frightful apprehensions. In particular they raised a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they conceived from the Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford. Lilburn glories, upon his trial, for being an incendiary on such occasions, and mentions the tumult he raised against the innocent Colonel as a meritorious action: "I was once arraigned (says he) before the House of Peers, for sticking close to the liberties and privileges of this nation, and those that stood for them, being one of those two or three men that first drew their swords in Westminster-hall against Colonel Lunsford, and some scores of his associates: at that time it was supposed they intended to cut the throats of the chiefest men then sitting in the House of Peers." And, to render him the more odious, they reported that he was of so brutal an appetite, that he would eat children. And, to make this gentleman the more detestable, they made horrid pictures of him. Colonel Lunsford, after all, was a person of extraordinary sobriety, industry, and courage, and was killed at the taking of Bristol by the King, in 1643.

'm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
the King's and Church's lands,
ınd follow your commands,
le on a new freehold,
ly-hill had done of old:
rn the Cov'nant and translate
pel into spoons and plate;
. upon all merchants' cashes,
n th' intricatest places;
techise a money-box,
/e all pouches orthodox;
› Cause became a Damon,
hias the wicked Mammon.
et, in spite of all your charms
re Legion up in arms,
e more devils in the rout,
ır y' were able to cast out,
been reduc'd, and by those fools,
(you say) in your own schools,
ɔugh but gifted at your feet,
ıde it plain they have more wit,
n you've been so oft trepann'd,
l forth out of all command;
ed, out-impuls'd, out-done,
-reveal'd at Carryings-on,
ur Dispensations worm'd
/idenc'd and out-reform'd;
out of Church and State,
things but the people's hate;
ited out of th' enjoyments
ɔus, edifying employments,
who lodg'd their gifts and graces,
ter bowlers, in your places:

All which you bore with resolution,
Charg'd on th' account of persecution;
And though most righteously oppress'd,
Against your wills still acquiesc'd;
And never humm'd and hah'd Sedition,
Nor snuffled Treason, nor Misprision:
That is, because you never durst;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas! you were no longer able
To raise your posse of the rabble:
One single red-coat sentinel
Outcharm'd the magic of the spell,
And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse
Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse.
We knew too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your powers,
Or trust our safeties, or undoings,
To your disposing of Outgoings,
Or to your ord'ring Providence,
One farthing's worth of consequence.
  For, had you power to undermine,
Or wit to carry a design,
Or correspondence to trepan,
Inveigle, or betray one man,
There's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your zeal to use the means;
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in Kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to restore,
That could not keep yourselves in pow'r;
T' advance the int'rests of the Crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own.
  'Tis true ye have (for I'd be loth

ıg ye) done your parts in both,
ı him out and bring him in,
:e is introduc'd by Sin;
as your zealous want of sense
ıctify'd impertinence,
ırrying business in a huddle,
rc'd our rulers to new-model,
the State to tack about,
:n you, root and branch, all out;
rmado, one and all,
great Croysado General:
·eedy slav'ring to devour,
twas in your clutches, pow'r;
ırung the game you were to set,
y' had time to draw the net:
ıite to see the Church's lands
l into other hands,
your sacrilegious ventures
.t in tickets and debentures;
ıvy to be sprinkled down,
er churches in the Town;
course us'd to stop their mouths,
Independents' spreading growths;
ch consider'd, 'tis most true
ring him in so much as you,
ıve prevail'd beyond their plots,
ıidnight juntos, and seal'd knots;
rive more by your zealous piques,
ll their own rash politics.
is way you may claim a share
ying (as you brag) th' affair;
ıgs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
'haraoh and his brick-kilns loose,

And flies and mange, that set them free
From taskmasters and slavery,
Were likelier to do the feat,
In any indiff'rent man's conceit.
For who e'er heard of Restoration,
Until your thorough Reformation?
That is, the King's and Church's lands
Were sequester'd int' other hands:
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were open'd to restore;
And when the work was carrying on,
Who cross'd it but yourselves alone?
As by a world of hints appears,
All plain and extant, as your ears.
But first, o' th' first: The Isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you should deny 't,
Where Henderson and th' other Masses

[1239] When the King, in the year 1646, was in the Scotch army, the English Parliament sent him some propositions, one of which was the abolition of Episcopacy, and the setting up Presbytery in its stead. Mr. Henderson, one of the chief of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers, was employed to induce the King to agree to this proposition, it being what his Majesty chiefly stuck at. Accordingly he came provided with books and papers for his purpose: the controversy was debated in writing, as well as by personal conference, and several papers passed between them, which have been several times published; from which it appears that the King, without books or papers, or any one to assist him, was an overmatch for this old champion of the Kirk (and, I think, it will be no hyperbole if I add, for all the then English and Scotch Presbyterian teachers put together), and made him so far a convert, that he departed with great sorrow to Edinburgh, with a deep sense of the mischief of which he had been the author and abettor; and not only lamented to his friends and confi lents, on his death-bed, which followed soon after, but likewise published a solemn declaration to the Parliament and

Were sent to cap texts, and put cases:
To pass for deep and learned scholars,
Although but paltry Ob and Sollers:
As if th' unseasonable fools
Had been a-coursing in the schools,
Until th' had prov'd the devil author

Synod of England, in which he owned, "That they had been abused with most false aspersions against his Majesty, and that they ought to restore him to his full rights, royal throne, and dignity, lest an endless character of ingratitude lie upon them, that may turn to their ruin." As to the King himself, besides mentioning his justice, his magnanimity, his sobriety, his charity, and other virtues, he has these words: "I do declare, before God and the world, whether in relation to the Kirk or State, I found his Majesty the most intelligent man that I ever spake with, as far beyond my expression as expectation. I profess I was oftentimes astonished with the quickness of his reasons and replies; wondered how he, spending his time in sports and recreations, could have attained to so great knowledge; and must confess that I was convinced in conscience, and knew not how to give him any reasonable satisfaction: yet the sweetness of his disposition is such, that whatever I said was well taken. I must say that I never met with any disputant of that mild and calm temper, which convinced me that his wisdom and moderation could not be without an extraordinary measure of divine grace. I dare say if his advice had been followed, all the blood that is shed, and all the rapine that has been committed, would have been prevented."

1242 Whoever considers the context will find, that Ob and Sollers are designed as a character of Mr. Henderson and his fellow-disputants, who are called Masses (as Mas is an abridgment of Master), that is, young masters in divinity; and this character signifies something quite contrary to deep and learned scholars, particularly such as had studied controversies, as they are handled by little books or systems (of the Dutch and Geneva cut), where the authors represent their adversaries' arguments by small objections, and subjoin their own pitiful solutions. In the margin of these books may be seen Ob and Sol. Such mushroom divines are ingeniously and compendiously called Ob and Sollers.

O' th' Cov'nant, and the Cause his daughter:
For when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been spilt,
They did not mean he wrought th' effusion
In person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson,
But only those who first begun
The quarrel were by him set on;
And who could those be but the Saints,
Those Reformation-termagants?
But, ere this pass'd, the wise debate
Spent so much time, it grew too late;
For Oliver had gotten ground,
T' inclose him with his warriors round;
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely sophists out.
  Nor had the Uxbridge business less
Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness;
When from a scoundrel holder-forth,

1250 Pride was a foundling. He went into the army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in secluding the members in order to the King's trial; which great change was called Colonel Pride's Purge. He was one of Oliver Cromwell's upper house. He is called Thomas Lord Pride in the commission for erecting a High Court of Justice for the trial of Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr. Hewit, &c. Mr. Butler calls him Sir Pride, by way of sneer upon the manner of his being knighted; for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a faggot-stick, instead of a sword.

Hughson was a cobbler, went into the army, and was made a colonel; knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and, to help to cobble the crazy state of the nation, was made one of Oliver's upper house.

1263 This was Mr. Christopher Love, a furious Presbyterian, who, when the King's Commissioners met those of the Parliament at Uxbridge, in the year 1644, to treat of peace, preached a sermon there, on the 30th of January, against the treaty, and said, among other things, that "no

The scum as well as son o' th' earth,
Your mighty senators took law,
At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,
And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
To Doctrine, Use, and Application.
So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
Th' espousers of your cause and monies,
Who had so often, in your aid,
So many ways been soundly paid,
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends,
You basely left them, and the Church
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
To fall before as true Philistines.

good was to be expected from it, for that they (meaning the King's Commissioners) came from Oxford with hearts full of blood."

1269 1270 The expense the English rebels engaged the nation in, by bringing in their brother rebels from Scotland, amounted to an extravagant sum, their receipts in money and free-quarter being £1,462,769. 5*s.* 3*d.* William Lilly, the Sidrophel of this Poem, observes of the Scots, "That they came into England purposely to steal our goods, ravish our wives, enslave our persons, inherit our possessions and birthrights, remain here in England, and everlastingly to inhabit among us."

Mr. Bowlstrode, son of Colonel Bowlstrode, a factious rebel in Buckinghamshire, in his prayer before his sermon, at Horton, near Colebrook, used the following words: "Thou hast, O Lord, of late written bitter things against Thy children, and forsaken Thine own inheritance; and now, O Lord, in our misery and distress, we expected aid from our brethren of our neighbouring nation (the Scots, I mean); but, good Lord, Thou knowest that they are a false perfidious nation, and do all they do for their own ends."

By the author of a tract, entitled 'Lex Talionis,' 1647, it is proposed, as a preventing remedy, "to let the Scots, in the name of God, or of the devil that sent them, go home."

This shews what utensils y' have been
To bring the King's concernments in;
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you;
And if he take you into trust
Will find you most exactly just,
Such as will punctually repay
With double int'rest, and betray.
  Not that I think those pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are less ingenious in their art
Than those who dully act one part;
Or those who turn from side to side
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wise man's home,
And so are governments to some,
Who change them for the same intrigues
That statesmen use in breaking leagues;
While others, in old faiths and troths,
Look odd as out-of-fashion'd clothes,
And nastier in an old opinion
Than those who never shift their linen.
For True and Faithful 's sure to lose
Which way soever the game goes;
And, whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in:
While power usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right,
And, when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.
  And so may we, if w' have but sense
To use the necessary means,
And not your usual stratagems

On one another, lights and dreams:
To stand on terms as positive
As if we did not take, but give;
Set up the Covenant on crutches
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down
Before w' are sure to prop our own;
Your constant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heeding,
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
Are worse than if y' had none accoutred.
I grant all courses are in vain
Unless we can get in again,
The only way that 's left us now;
But all the difficulty 's how.
'Tis true w' have money, th' only power
That all mankind falls down before;
Money, that, like the swords of kings,
Is the last reason of all things:
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way,
As long as men have faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well;
Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice
One Church and State will not suffice
T' expose to sale, besides the wages
Of storing plagues to after-ages.
Nor is our money less our own
Than 'twas before we laid it down;
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought in play upon 't:
Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
What pow'r can hinder us to win?

We know the arts we us'd before
In peace and war, and something more,
And by th' unfortunate events
Can mend our next experiments;
For, when we're taken into trust,
How easy are the wisest choust,
Who see but th' outsides of our feats,
And not their secret springs and weights;
And, while they're busy at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please?
How easy is't to serve for agents
To prosecute our old engagements?
To keep the good old Cause on foot,
And present power from taking root;
Inflame them both with false alarms
Of plots and parties taking arms;
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of side to side;
Profess the passionat'st concerns
For both their interests by turns,
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As bowls run true by being made
On purpose false, and to be sway'd);
For if we should be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together;
And therefore have no other means
To stand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our ancient party
In vigour confident and hearty:
To reconcile our late Dissenters,

[1362] VAR. 'For healing up.'
[1368] VAR. 'Of purpose false.'

Our Brethren, though by other venters;
Unite them and their different maggots,
As long and short sticks are in faggots,
And make them join again as close
As when they first began t' espouse;
Erect them into separate
New Jewish tribes in Church and State;
To join in marriage and commerce,
And only 'mong themselves converse,
And all that are not of their mind
Make enemies to all mankind;
Take all religions in, and stickle
From Conclave down to Conventicle;
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the Light in being.
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
And spiritual misrule in one sense;
But in another quite contrary,
As Dispensations chance to vary;
And stand for, as the times will bear it,
All contradictions of the Spirit:
Protect their emissaries, empower'd
To preach Sedition and the Word;
And, when they 're hamper'd by the laws,
Release the lab'rers for the Cause,
And turn the persecution back
On those that made the first attack,
To keep them equally in awe
From breaking or maintaining law:
And when they have their fits too soon,
Before the full-tides of the moon,
Put off their zeal t' a fitter season
For sowing faction in and treason;

And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like hawks, from baiting on their perches;
That, when the blessed time shall come
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
They may be ready to restore
Their own Fifth Monarchy once more.
  Mean while be better arm'd to fence
Against revolts of Providence,
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind sides of it, as they happen:
For if success could make us Saints,
Our ruin turn'd us miscreants;
A scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
  These are the courses we must run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone;
And not to stand on terms and freaks,
Before we have secured our necks,
But do our work as out of sight,
As stars by day, and suns by night;
All licence of the people own,
In opposition to the Crown;
And for the Crown as fiercely side,

1419 1420 The author of "The Fourth Part of the History of Independency," p. 56, compares the governors of those times with the Turks, who ascribe the goodness of their cause to the keenness of their sword, denying that any thing may properly be called *nefas*, if it can but win the epithet of *prosperum*. Dr. Owen seems to have been in this way of thinking. "Where," says he ("Eben Ezer," p. 13, "L'Estrange's Dissenters' Sayings," part ii. p. 11.) "is the God of Marston Moor, and the God of Naseby? is an acceptable expostulation in a glorious day. O! what a catalogue of mercies has this nation to plead by in a time of trouble! The God came from Naseby, and the Holy One from the West. Selah."

The head and body to divide:
The end of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind.
Be sure to spare no public rapine
On all emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as easy to supplant
Authority as men in want;
As some of us in trusts have made
The one hand with the other trade;
Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver;
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as sly, retail'd.
For gain has wonderful effects
T' improve the factory of sects;
The rule of faith in all professions,
And great Diana of th' Ephesians;
Whence turning of religion 's made
The means to turn and wind a trade;
And though some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a course,
And draw in store of customers,
To thrive the better in commerce:
For all religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;
To nab the itches of their sects,
As jades do one another's necks.
Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well
Will serve t' improve a church as zeal;
As persecution or promotion
Do equally advance devotion.
  Let business, like ill watches, go
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow;

For things in order are put out
So easy, ease itself will do 't:
But when the feat 's design'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event?
For 'tis more easy to betray
Than ruin any other way.
  All possible occasions start,
The weightiest matters to divert;
Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle;
But in affairs of less import,
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply;
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our hooks for greater trust.
But still be careful to cry down
All public actions, though our own;
The least miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State:
Express the horrid'st detestation,
And pity the distracted nation;
Tell stories scandalous and false
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a subtle statesman says
Is half in words and half in face;
(As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs);
Intrust it under solemn vows
Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,
To be retail'd again in whispers,
For th' easy credulous to disperse.
  Thus far the Statesman—when a shout,

Heard at a distance, put him out;
And straight another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste,
Who star'd about, as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath;
Till, having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits:—
That beastly rabble—that came down
From all the garrets—in the Town,
And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,
To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Bishops—out of door,
Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the Grandees—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgesses—
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges
To represent their personages;
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,

1504 We learn from Lilly, that the messenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal was Sir Martyn Noell. Sir Martyn tells his story naturally and begins like a man in a fright and out of breath, and continues to make breaks and stops till he naturally recovers it, and then proceeds floridly, and without impediment. This is a beauty in the Poem not to be disregarded; and let the reader make an experiment, and shorten his breath, or, in other words, put himself into Sir Martyn's condition, and then read this relation, and he will soon be convinced that the breaks are natural and judicious.

1505 This is an accurate description of the mob's burning rumps upon the admission of the secluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,
And ev'ry representative
Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive:
  And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate;
For while we wrangle here and jar
We 're grilly'd all at Temple-bar;
Some, on the signpost of an alehouse,
Hang in effigy on the gallows,
Made up of rags, to personate
Respective officers of state;
That henceforth they may stand reputed
Proscrib'd in law and executed,
And, while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready listed under Dun,
That worthy patriot, once the bellows
And tinder-box of all his fellows;
The activ'st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive;
Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth agen:—
(For since the State has made a quint
Of Generals, he's listed in 't:)—
This worthy, as the world will say,
Is paid in specie his own way;

1534 Dun was the public executioner at that time, and the executioners long after that went by the same name.

1540 Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the House of Commons, was impeached 1641-2; was Governor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, had the Bishop of Durham's house, park, and manor of Auckland, and £6500. in money, given him. He died in the Tower of London, January 8, 1661.

1541 1542 The Rump, growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalship should be vested in five commissioners, Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured,

For, moulded to the life, in clouts
Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He 's mounted on a hazel bavin
A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em ;
And to the largest bonfire riding,
They 've roasted Cook already, and Pride in ;
On whom, in equipage and state,
His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do,
Each in a tatter'd talisman,
Like vermin in effigy slain.
But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
Those rumps are but the tail o' th' Beast,
Set up by Popish engineers,
As by the crackers plainly' appears ;
For none but Jesuits have a mission
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the church with powder ;
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
These spiritual pioneers o' th' whore's,
That have the charge of all her stores,
Since first they fail'd in their designs
To take-in heav'n by springing mines,
And with unanswerable barrels

making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk should be of that quorum; but, their authority not being then much regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk continued sole general notwithstanding.

1550 The wicked wretch who acted as solicitor in the King's trial, and drew up a charge of high treason against him, and had drawn up a formal plea against him, in case he had submitted to the jurisdiction of the Court. At his own trial he pleaded, that what he did was as a lawyer for his fee. He deservedly suffered at Tyburn as a Regicide.

Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels,
Now take a course more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,
And blow us up, in th' open streets,
Disguis'd in rumps, like sambenites,
More like to ruin and confound
Than all their doctrines under ground.
  Nor have they chosen rumps amiss
For symbols of State-mysteries,
Though some suppose 'twas but to shew
How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few,
Who, 'cause they 're wasted to the stumps,
Are represented best by rumps:
But Jesuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far-fetches,
And, from the Coptic priest Kircherus,
Found out this mystic way to jeer us:
For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees
T' express their antique Ptolomies,
And by their stings, the swords they wore,
Held forth authority and pow'r;
Because these subtle animals
Bear all their int'rests in their tails,
And when they're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state,
They thought all governments were best
By hieroglyphic rumps exprest.
  For as, in bodies natural,
The rump 's the fundament of all,
So, in a commonwealth or realm,
The government is call'd the Helm,

1585 VAR. 'Kirkerus,' Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath written largely on the Egyptian mystical learning.

which, like vessels under sail,
're turn'd and winded by the tail:
ail, which birds and fishes steer
courses with through sea and air,
ıom the rudder of the rump is
ame thing with the stern and compass.
ıhews how perfectly the rump
ommonwealth in Nature jump:
s a fly that goes to bed
with his tail above his head,
this mongrel state of ours
abble are the supreme powers,
hors'd us on their backs, to show us
ish trick at last, and throw us.
e learned Rabbins of the Jews
there 's a bone, which they call Luez,
rump of man, of such a virtue
rce in Nature can do hurt to;
herefore, at the last great day,
' other members shall, they say,
g out of this, as from a seed
rts of vegetals proceed;
whence the learned sons of Art
rum justly style that part.
what can better represent
this rump-bone the Parliament,
after several rude ejections
ıs prodigious resurrections,
new reversions of nine lives
up, and like a cat revives?
now, alas! they 're all expir'd,
h' House as well as members fir'd;
m'd in kennels by the rout,

With which they other fires put out;
Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress,
And paltry private wretchedness;
Worse than the devil to privation
Beyond all hopes of restoration;
And parted, like the body and soul,
From all dominion and control.
We who could lately, with a look,
Enact, establish, or revoke,
Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluster of whose huff
All hats, as in a storm, flew off;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valet;
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
And prayers than the crowns of hats;
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
For ruin 's just as low as high;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The horror that attends our fall:
For some of us have scores more large
Than heads and quarters can discharge;
And others, who, by restless scraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last;
And, to be but undone, entail

[1661] This the Regicides in general would have done gladly; but the ringleaders of them were executed 'in terrorem.' Those that came in upon proclamation were brought to the bar of the House of Lords, 25th November, 1661, to answer what they could say for themselves why judgment should not

r vessels on perpetual jail,
bless the dev'l to let them farms
ırfeit souls on no worse terms.
ıis said, a near and louder shout
all th' assembly to the rout,
now began t' outrun their fear,
orses do from those they bear;
crowded on with so much haste,
l th' had block'd the passage fast,
barricado'd it with haunches
ıtward men, and bulks, and paunches,
with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
rather save a crippled piece
l their crush'd and broken members,
ı have them grillied on the embers;
pressing on with heavy packs

ecuted against them? They severally alleged, "That, his Majesty's gracious Declaration from Breda, and the of the Parliament, &c. they did render themselves, advised that they should thereby secure their lives; ıumbly craved the benefit of the proclamation, &c." Harry Martyn briskly added, "That he had never :d any proclamation before this, and hoped he should e hanged for taking the King's word now." A bill was ;ht in for their execution, which was read twice, but vards dropt, and so they were all sent to their several ıs, and little more heard of. Ludlow, and some others, ed by flying among the Swiss Cantons.

1666 When Sir Martyn came to this cabal, he left the e at Temple-bar; but, by the time he had concluded his ırse, they were advanced near Whitehall and West- :er. This alarmed our caballers, and perhaps terrified with the apprehension of being hanged or burned in y, as some of them that very instant were in effigy. No er, therefore, they broke up so precipitately, and that endeavoured to secure himself. The manner of it is ibed with a poetical licence, only to embellish this Canto a diverting catastrophe.

Of one another on their backs,
The van-guard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear,
But, borne down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled sorely under foot;
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable
As th' horrid cookery of the rabble;
And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
As lesser pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd them with a fresh supply
Of rallied force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuscan running-horse,
Whose jockey-rider is all spurs.

PART III. CANTO III.*

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night.
He plots to turn his amorous suit
T' a plea in law, and prosecute:
Repairs to counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the enterprise;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.

WHO would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself of fears,

* Our Poet now resumes his principal subject; and the reason why he is so full in the recapitulation of the last adventure of our Knight and Squire is, because we had lost sight of our heroes for the space of the longest Canto in the whole Poem.

That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally, without seed,
And have no possible foundation
But merely in th' imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves
Than all their nurseries of elves.
For fear does things so like a witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;
Sets up communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences;
As Rosycrucian virtuosos
Can see with ears, and hear with noses:
And, when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supply'd by fear,
That makes them in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions,
And, when their eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest objects best;
Do things not contrary alone
To th' course of Nature, but its own;
The courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn poltroons as valiant:
For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little fear;
And, when they 're out of hopes of flying
Will run away from death by dying;
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like lions, rout.
  This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies left perdue,
And haunted with detachments sent

From Marshal Legion's regiment,
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat,
When nothing but himself and fear
Were both the imps and conjurer;
As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi,
It follows in due form of poesie.
  Disguis'd in all the masks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blindman's buff to grope his way,
In equal fear of night and day;
Who took his dark and desp'rate course,
He knew no better than his horse;
And, by an unknown devil led
(He knew as little whither), fled:
He never was in greater need
Nor less capacity of speed;
Disabled, both in man and beast,
To fly and run away his best,
To keep the enemy and fear
From equal falling on his rear.
And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further and the nearer side;
(As seamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horse,
And, when the hackney sails most swift,
Believe they lag, or run adrift);
So, though he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste:
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,

[36] Alluding to Stephen Marshal's bellowing out treason from the pulpit, in order to recruit the army of the Rebels. He was called the 'Geneva Bull.'

Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the morn began t' appear,
And shift t' another scene his fear,
He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid,
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
So like in person, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.
For Ralpho had no sooner told
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain th' approaching Knight;
And while he gave himself diversion,
T' accommodate his beast and person,
And put his beard into a posture
At best advantage to accost her,
She order'd th' anti-masquerade
(For his reception) aforesaid:
But when the ceremony was done,
The lights put out, the Furies gone,
And Hudibras, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,
The wretched caitiff, all alone
(As he believ'd), began to moan,
And tell his story to himself,
The Knight mistook him for an elf;
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at Ralph's outward man,
And thought, because they oft agreed
T' appear in one another's stead,
And act the saint's and devil's part

[77] VAR. 'But she convoy'd him.'

With undistinguishable art,
They might have done so now, perhaps,
And put on one another's shapes;
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,—
What art? My squire, or that bold sprite
That took his place and shape to-night?
Some busy Independent pug,
Retainer to his synagogue?
  Alas! quoth he, I 'm none of those
Your bosom friends, as you suppose,
But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
Wh' has dragg'd your Dunship out o' th' mire,
And from th' enchantments of a Widow,
Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;
And, though a prisoner of war,
Have brought you safe where now you are;
Which you would gratefully repay
Your constant Presbyterian way.—
  That 's stranger (quoth the Knight), and stranger;
Who gave thee notice of my danger?
  Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
Pursu'd, and took me prisoner;
And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along to find you out;
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said or did:
And, though they lay to him the pageant,
I did not see him, nor his agent;
Who play'd their sorceries out of sight,
T' avoid a fiercer second fight.—
  But didst thou see no devils then?—

[103] VAR. 'Spright.' [110] VAR. 'Donship.'

ne (quoth he) but carnal men,
le worse than fiends in hell,
hat she-devil Jezebel,
laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision
ɜ them take your deposition.
at then (quoth Hudibras) was he
play'd the dev'l t' examine me?—
allying weaver in the town,
did it in a parson's gown;
ı all the parish takes for gifted,
or my part, I ne'er believ'd it:
ıich you told them all your feats,
conscientious frauds and cheats;
d your whipping, and confess'd
ıaked truth of all the rest,
plainly than the rev'rend writer
to our churches veil'd his mitre;
hich they took in black and white,
:udgel'd me to underwrite.
ıat made thee, when they all were gone,
ıone but thou and I alone,

Though there were more than one in those times that ıaracter would have suited, yet it is probable that ı Graham, Bishop of Orkney, is sneered at in this place . Butler. He was so base as to renounce and abjure pacy, signing the abjuration with his own hand, at ıess, in Strones, February 11, 1639. To this remark- cident Bishop Hall alludes ("Epistle Dedicatory," pre- o his "Episcopacy by Divine Right, &c." 1640, p. 1.), he observes, "That he craved pardon for having ac- his Episcopal function as if he had thereby com- some heinous offence." Upon which he uses the fol- exclamation: "Good God! what is this I have lived r? That a Bishop, in a Christian assembly, should re- ı his Episcopal function, and cry Mercy for his now ɔned calling."

To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my hellish fear?
  Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,
And frame of sp'rit, too obstinate
To be by me prevail'd upon
With any motives of my own;
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The dev'l a while, to nick your wit;
The dev'l, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.
  The Knight, who now began to find
They 'd left the enemy behind,
And saw no further harm remain
But feeble weariness and pain,
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day,
And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good;
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
That parting's wont to rant and tear,
And give the desperat'st attack
To danger still behind its back:
For having paus'd to recollect,
And on his past success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly,
And when no devil had appear'd,
What else it could be said he fear'd,
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage;
Toss'd, like a foot-ball, back again

shame, and vengeance, and disdain.
ɔth he, It was thy cowardice
made me from this leaguer rise,
when I 'd half-reduc'd the place,
it it infamously base;
ɔetter cover'd by the new-
d detachment than I knew:
ght my new acquests, and run,
iously, from battles won;
reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
ll them cheaper than they cost;
ake me put myself to flight,
conqu'ring, run away by night;
ag me out, which th' haughty foe
never have presum'd to do;
ɔunt me in the dark by force
the bare ridge of my horse,
'd in querpo to their rage,
ɔut my arms and equipage;
if they ventur'd to pursue,
ht th' unequal fight renew;
to preserve thy outward man,
ɪ'd my place, and led the van.
this (quoth Ralph) I did, 'tis true,
ɔ preserve myself, but you:
who were damn'd to baser drubs
wretches feel in powd'ring tubs,
ɔunt two-wheel'd caroches, worse
managing a wooden horse;
'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,
, or coup'd for perjurers:
though th' attempt had prov'd in vain,
ad no reason to complain;

But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
And rescu'd your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battoons.
The enemy was reinforc'd,
And we disabled and unhors'd,
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
And no way left but hasty flight,
Which, though as desp'rate in th' attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn 't.
But, were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unseas'nable and vain
To think of falling on again:
No martial project to surprise
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As gamesters tear their losing cards.
Beside, our bangs of man and beast
Are fit for nothing now but rest,
And for a while will not be able
To rally and prove serviceable:
And therefore I, with reason, chose
This stratagem t' amuse our foes
To make an hon'rable retreat,
And waive a total sure defeat:
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that 's slain.
Hence timely running 's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art,
By which some glorious feats achieve,
As citizens by breaking thrive,
And cannons conquer armies, while

seem to draw off and recoil;
d the gallant'st course, and bravest,
eat exploits, as well as safest;
spares th' expense of time and pains,
lang'rous beating out of brains;
in the end, prevails as certain
ose that never trust to Fortune;
ıake their fear do execution
ıd the stoutest resolution;
ırthquakes kill without a blow,
only trembling, overthrow.
Ancients crown'd their bravest men
only sav'd a citizen,
victory could e'er be won
ry one would save but one?
ght endanger'd to be lost,
e all resolve to save the most?
ıis means, when a battle 's won,
war 's as far from being done;
hose that save themselves, and fly,
alves at least i' th' victory;
sometime, when the loss is small,
danger great, they challenge all;
new additions to their feats,
emendations in Gazettes;
when, for furious haste to run,
durst not stay to fire a gun,
done 't with bonfires, and at home
squibs and crackers overcome;
t the rabble on a flame,
keep their governors from blame,
erse the news the pulpit tells,
rm'd with fire-works and with bells;

And, though reduc'd to that extrem
They have been forc'd to sing *Te D*
Yet, with religious blasphemy,
By flatt'ring Heaven with a lie,
And, for their beating, giving thank
They 've rais'd recruits, and fill'd th
For those who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the fight becomes a chac
Those win the day that win the rac
And that which would not pass in fi
Has done the feat with easy flights;
Recover'd many a desp'rate campaig
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Ch
Restor'd the fainting high and migh
With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ;
And made 'em stoutly overcome
With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum
With th' uncontrol'd decrees of Fate
To victory necessitate;
With which, although they run or bu
They unavoidably return;
Or else their sultan populaces
Still strangle all their routed Bassas.
  Quoth Hudibras, I understand
What fights thou mean'st at sea and la
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day;
Although the rabble souc'd them for 't,
O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
Tis true our modern way of war

[300] VAR. 'Baccarack' and 'Bacrach.'—Rheni
called from the town near which it is produced.

And, though reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*:
Yet, with religious blasphemy,
By flatt'ring Heaven with a lie,
And, for their beating, giving thanks,
They 've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
For those who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the fight becomes a chace,
Those win the day that win the race;
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feat with easy flights;
Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ;
And made 'em stoutly overcome
With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum;
With th' uncontrol'd decrees of Fate
To victory necessitate;
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return;
Or else their sultan populaces
Still strangle all their routed Bassas.
  Quoth Hudibras, I understand
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day;
Although the rabble souc'd them for 't,
O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
Tis true our modern way of war

[300] VAR. 'Baccarack' and 'Bacrach.'—Rhenish Wine, so called from the town near which it is produced.

Is grown more politic by far,
But not so resolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to honour as the old.
For now they laugh at giving battle,
Unless it be to herds of cattle;
Or fighting convoys of provision,
The whole design o' the expedition,
And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out:
As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
And eating, are perform'd one way,
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their stubborn guts to death;
And those achieve the high'st renown,
That bring the other stomachs down.
There 's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to famine,
And feats of arms, to plot, design,
Surprise, and stratagem, and mine;
But have no need nor use of courage,
Unless it be for glory, or forage:
For, if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear,
And forc'd, with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance,
To pick out ground to encamp upon,
Where store of largest rivers run,
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
To part th' engagements of their warriors;
Where both from side to side may skip,

[328] VAR. 'The other's stomachs.'

And only encounter at bo-peep:
For men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer they 're to be parted,
And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs,
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their strict ally.
For 'tis not now who 's stout and bold?
But who bears hunger best and cold?
And he 's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving;
And he that routs most pigs and cows,
The formidablest man of prowess.
So th' Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British sea,
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers;
Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles.
And led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of scallops;
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car;
But when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely ate his captives up,
And left all war, by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.
  Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain you cannot now do worse
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course;
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
Or waging battle to subdue her:

Though some have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into am'rous fancies;
As those who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones;
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride
By courting of her back and side.
But since those times and feats are over,
They are not for a modern lover,
When mistresses are too cross-grain'd,
By such addresses to be gain'd;
And, if they were, would have it out
With many another kind of bout.
Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,
As this of force to win the Jezebel;
To storm her heart, by th' antique charms
Of ladies errant, force of arms;
But rather strive by law to win her,
And try the title you have in her.
Your case is clear, you have her word,
And me to witness the accord;
Besides two more of her retinue
To testify what pass'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold,
For which so many, that renounc'd
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd;
And bills upon record been found,
That forc'd the ladies to compound;
And that, unless I miss the matter,
Is all the bus'ness you look after.
Besides, encounters at the bar
Are braver now than those in war;
In which the law does execution,

With less disorder and confusion;
Has more of honour in 't, some hold,
Not like the new way, but the old;
When those the pen had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with the feather,
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than bullets now of lead:
So all their combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen;
That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms;
And whatsoe'er 's achiev'd in fight,
Determines which is wrong or right:
For whether you prevail or lose,
All must be tried there in the close;
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
What you must trust to ere ye 've done.
  The law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the most perfidious lover,
A lady, that 's as false, recover;
And, if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your bride,
And put her person, goods, or lands,
Or which you like best, int' your hands.
  For law 's the wisdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ablest sages;
Who, though their bus'ness at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,
They never manage the contest

T' impair their public interest;
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession:
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, the Cause, and side;
And though we 're all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward,
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the slightest fingle-fangle;
While lawyers have more sober sense,
Than t' argue at their own expense,
But make their best advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss;
And out of foreign controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their purses;
But have no int'rest in the cause
For which th' engage, and wage the laws;
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.
And though th' abounded in all ages,
With sundry learned clerks and sages;
Though all their business be dispute,
Which way they canvass ev'ry suit,
They 've no disputes about their art,
Nor in polemics controvert;
While all professions else are found
With nothing but disputes t' abound:
Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
Philosophers, mathematicians;
The Galenist, and Paracelsian,

[475] Galen was born in the year 130, and lived to the year 200. Paracelsus was born in the latter end of the 15th, and lived almost to the middle of the 16th century.

Condemn the way each other deals in;
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out work to wrangle;
Astrologers dispute their dreams,
That in their sleeps they talk of schemes;
And heralds stickle who got who,
So many hundred years ago.
But lawyers are too wise a nation
T' expose their trade to disputation;
Or make the busy rabble judges
Of all their secret piques and grudges;
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profession 's sure to pay.
Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats;
When in all other sciences
They swarm like insects, and increase.
For what bigot durst ever draw,
By inward light, a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An answer to a declaration?
For those that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools:
And if you follow their advice,
In bills and answers, and replies,
They 'll write a love-letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.
The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts
To edify by Ralpho's Gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,

507 VAR. 'Cry'd them down.'

ke 'em better seem his own,
lagiaries' constant course
king, when they take a purse),
'd to follow his advice,
ept it from him by disguise;
ıfter stubborn contradiction,
ınterfeit his own conviction,
)y transition, fall upon
esolution as his own.
)th he, This gambol thou advisest
all others, the unwisest:
' I think by law to gain her,
's nothing sillier nor vainer.
ıt to hazard my pretence,
nothing 's certain but th' expense;
against myself, and traverse
it and title to her favours;
' she should, which Heav'n forbid,
row me, as the Fiddler did,
after-course have I to take,
t losing all I have at stake?
ıt with injury is griev'd,
)es to law to be reliev'd,
er than a sottish chouse,
when a thief has robb'd his house,
s himself to cunning men,
p him to his goods agen;
all he can expect to gain,
to squander more in vain:
et I have no other way,
as difficult to play;
reduce her by main force,
' in vain; by fair means, worse;

But worst of all to give her over,
Till she 's as desp'rate to recover:
For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until they 're never to be won;
But since I have no other course,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still,
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known;
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue;
Whom I must answer, or begin,
Inevitably, first with him;
For I 've receiv'd advertisement,
By times enough of his intent;
And knowing he that first complains
Th' advantage of the business gains;
For courts of Justice understand
The plaintiff to be th' eldest hand;
Who what he pleases may aver,
The other nothing till he swear;
Is freely admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place;
And, for his bringing custom in,
Has all advantages to win:
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counsel, to advise
Which way t' encounter, or surprise;
And, after long consideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occasion,
Most apt for what I have to do,

As counsellor, and justice too.
And truly so, no doubt, he was,
A lawyer fit for such a case,
An old dull sot, who told the clock
For many years at Bridewell-dock,
At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,
And hiccius-doccius play'd in all;
Where, in all governments and times,
H' had been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring justice, or maintaining:
To many a whore gave privilege,
And whipp'd, for want of quarterage;
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent
For being behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a trusty pimp and crony
To Puddle-dock, for want of money:
Engag'd the constable to seize
All those that would not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes commoners, or lords,
And kept 'em prisoners of course,
For being sober at ill hours;
That in the morning he might free
Or bind 'em over for his fee.
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practise in their ways;
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a-share
With th' headborough and scavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
For taking up the public ground;
The kennel, and the king's highway,
For being unmolested, pay;

Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most;
Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
And, for false weights, on chandelers;
Made victuallers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and constant friend
To all that regularly' offend;
As residentiary bawds,
And brokers that receive stol'n goods;
That cheat in lawful mysteries,
And pay church duties and his fees;
But was implacable and awkward
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.
  To this brave man the Knight repairs
For counsel in his law-affairs;
And found him mounted, in his pew,
With books and money plac'd, for shew,
Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteously strain'd;
And, t' assure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.
  Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,
Whom I have cudgel'd—Very well.—
And now he brags to 've beaten me—
Better and better still, quoth he—
And vows to stick me to a wall
Where'er he meets me—Best of all.—

[619] VAR. 'Auker'd.'

'Tis true, the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth—
When h' has confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.—
Now, whether I should before-hand
Swear he robb'd me?—I understand—
Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreson—
Or if 'tis better to indict
And bring him to his trial?—Right—
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?—True.—
Or whether he that is defendant
In this case has the better end on 't;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse the action?—Better still.—
Then there 's a lady too—Aye, marry—
That 's easily prov'd accessary;
A widow, who, by solemn vows
Contracted to me for my spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all—Good Lord!—
Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the dev'l of hell;
Who put me into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life—Make that appear—
Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body—Good agen—
And kept me in a deadly fright
And false imprisonment all night;
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,

And stole my saddle—Worse and worse—
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.
Sir (quoth the lawyer), not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim:
For if they 've us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;
I would it were my case, I 'd give
More than I 'll say, or you 'll believe:
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I 'd make her kneel for better or worse;
For matrimony and hanging, here,
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As cross I win and pile you lose:
And, if I durst, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance
As upon any case I 've known;
But we that practice dare not own:
The law severely contrabands
Our taking bus'ness off men's hands;
'Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather
To stick a pen in, left of either;
For which some do the summer-sault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault:
But you may swear, at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state;
For, in all courts of justice here,
A witness is not said to swear,

But make oath, that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
I thank you, (quoth the Knight,) for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat—
For Justice, though she 's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd,
Like Charity; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight,
Convey men's interest and right
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
As easily as hocus-pocus;
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again, like hiccius-doccius.
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The bus'ness to the law 's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witnesses
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expenses
By th' labour of their consciences,
Or letting out to hire their ears
To affidavit-customers,
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jurymen, or tales,
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters
Of trustees and administrators.
For that (quoth he) let me alone;
We 've store of such, and all our own,

[723] VAR. 'All one.'

Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers
The ablest of our conscience-stretchers.
That 's well (quoth he), but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages,
Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey, for a water-witch;
And when ye 've hang'd the conjurer,
Ye 've time enough to deal with her.
In th' int'rim spare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the banns;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains t' inveigle and surprise
Her heedless answers and replies;
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They 'll serve for other by-designs;
And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal or hand;
Or find void places in the paper
To steal in something to entrap her;
Till with her worldly goods and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye:
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' Temple under trees,
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Posts,

742 Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age, every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic, and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art. Bongey also publishing a treatise of natural magic, confirmed some well-meaning credulous people in this opinion: but it was altogether groundless; for Bongey was chosen provincial of his order, being a person of most excellent parts and piety.

About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only necessary tools,
Besides the Gospel, and their souls;
And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys
I shall be ready at your service.
I would not give (quote Hudibras)
A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill
To wind and manage it at will;
To veer, and tack, and steer a cause
Against the weather-guage of laws,
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces,
As you have well instructed me,
For which you 've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.
I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle artifice;
To bait a letter, as you bid:—
As, not long after, thus he did;
For, having pump'd up all his wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

[782] The beggar's prayer for the lawyer would have suited this gentleman very well. See the works of J. Taylor, the Water poet, p. 101. "May the terms be everlasting to thee, thou man of tongue; and may contentions grow and multiply! may actions beget actions, and cases engender cases, as thick as hops; may every day of the year be a Shrove-Tuesday; let proclamations forbid fighting, to increase actions of battery; that thy cassock may be three-piled, and the welts of thy gown may not grow threadbare!"

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE* OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I WHO was once as great as Cæsar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle,
By you turn'd out to grass with cattle:
For since I am deny'd access
To all my earthly happiness,
Am fallen from the paradise
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;
Lost to the world, and you, I 'm sent
To everlasting banishment,
Where all the hopes I had to 've won
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom before you hear,
You 'd find, upon my just defence,
How much ye 've wrong'd my innocence.

* This Epistle was to be the result of all the fair methods the Knight was to use in gaining the Widow: it therefore required all his wit and dexterity to draw from this artful Lady an unwary answer. If the plot succeeded, he was to compel her immediately, by law, to a compliance with his desires. But the Lady was too cunning to give him such a handle as he longed for: on the contrary, her answer silenced all his pretensions.

That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But not because it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, though delay'd:
Or, if it were, it is no fault
So heinous as you 'd have it thought,
To undergo the loss of ears,
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:
For there 's a difference in the case
Between the noble and the base;
Who always are observ'd t' have done 't
Upon as different an account;
The one for great and weighty cause,
To salve, in honour, ugly flaws;
For none are like to do it sooner
Than those who 're nicest of their honour:
The other, for base gain and pay,
Forswear and perjure by the day,
And make th' exposing and retailing
Their souls and consciences, a calling.
  It is no scandal nor aspersion
Upon a great and noble person,
To say he naturally abhorr'd
Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word,
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,
In meaner men, to do the same:
For to be able to forget
Is found more useful to the great
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
To make them pass for wondrous wise.
But though the law on perjurers
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
It is not just, that does exempt

The guilty, and punish th' innocent;
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue;
And, when one member is forsworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of law recover mine,
You 're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little honour by 't:
For he that for his lady's sake
Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,
Does not so much deserve her favour,
As he that pawns his soul to have her.
This ye 've acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own;
But sentence what you rather ought
T' esteem good service than a fault.
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal sense the words infer;
But, by the practice of the age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage;
And where the sense by custom 's check't,
Are found void and of none effect;
For no man takes or keeps a vow
But just as he sees others do;
Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as best temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round;
So truest oaths are still most tough,
And, though they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd
In love a greater latitude?

For as the law of arms approves
All ways to conquest, so should love's;
And not be ty'd to true or false,
But make that justest that prevails:
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty love,
Submit its great prerogative
To any other pow'r alive?
Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the subject of a case?
The fundamental law of Nature
Be over-rul'd by those made after?
Commit the censure of its cause
To any but its own great laws?
Love, that 's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive;
Controls the mighty pow'r of Fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of Nature, that restores
As fast as Time and Death devours;
To whose free gift the world does owe
Not only earth, but heaven too:
For love 's the only trade that 's driven,
The interest of state in heaven,
Which nothing but the soul of man
Is capable to entertain.
For what can earth produce but love,
To represent the joys above?
Or who but lovers can converse,
Like angels, by the eye-discourse?
Address and compliment by vision,
Make love, and court by intuition?
And burn in am'rous flames as fierce

As those celestial ministers?
Then how can any thing offend
In order to so great an end?
Or Heav'n itself a sin resent
That for its own supply was meant?
That merits, in a kind mistake,
A pardon for th' offence's sake?
Or if it did not, but the cause
Were left to th' injury of the laws,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no sense of love, or hate;
That have no passion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on criminals as strict:
But to have power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon than condemn.
Then since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault;
For why should he who made address,
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing in return
But insolence, affronts, and scorn,
Not strive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his design?
He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,
Blown up with philtres of love-powder;
And, after letting blood, and purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary scourging;

Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And claw'd by goblins in the night;
Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
With rude invasion of his beard;
And when our sex was foully scandal'd,
As foully by the rabble handled;
Attack'd by despicable foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And, after all, to be debarr'd
So much as standing on his guard;
When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick for being kick'd?
  Or why should you, whose mother-wits
Are furnish'd with all perquisites;
That with your breeding teeth begin,
And nursing babies, that lie in,
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully sex, and we use none?
We, who have nothing but frail vows,
Against your stratagems t' oppose,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into ambushes:
As pirates all false colours wear,
T' intrap, th' unwary mariner;
So women, to surprise us, spread
The borrow'd flags of white and red;
Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
And raise more devils with their looks,

Than conjurers' less subtle books:
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In tow'rs, and curls, and periwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard;
Prepost'rously t' entice and gain
Those to adore 'em they disdain:
And only draw them in to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.
A lover is, the more he 's brave,
T' his mistress but the more a slave,
And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands;
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust or just.
Then when he is compell'd by her
T' adventures he would else forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withstand,
Since force is greater than command?
And when necessity 's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore when the mighty pow'rs
Of Love, our great ally, and your's,
Join'd forces, not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd flesh and blood,
All I have done unjust or ill,
Was in obedience to your will;
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty, and you.
Nor are those scandals I confest,
Against my will and interest,
More than is daily done, of course,
By all men, when they 're under force:

Whence some, upon the rack, confess
What th' hangman and their prompters please;
But are no sooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again.
But when the devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure
To hear or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under:
And therefore when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without precedent,
The first that on th' adventure went;
All mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse.
For what romance can shew a lover,
That had a lady to recover,
And did not steer a nearer course,
To fall aboard in his amours?
And what at first was held a crime,
Has turn'd to hon'rable in time.
  To what a height did infant Rome,
By ravishing of women, come?
When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd,
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
Nor, in the mind they were in, died;
Nor took the pains t' address and sue,
Nor play'd the masquerade to woo:
Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents,
Nor juggled about settlements;
Did need no license, nor no priest,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,

[230] VAR. 'Daily do.'

5340

Nor lawyers, to join land and money
In th' holy state of matrimony,
Before they settled hands and hearts,
Till alimony or death departs;
Nor would endure to stay until
Th' had got the very bride's good will,
But took a wise and shorter course
To win the ladies,—downright force;
And justly made 'em prisoners then,
As they have, often since, us men,
With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
The luckiest of all Love's intrigues;
And when they had them at their pleasure,
They talk'd of love and flames at leisure;
For after matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a lover,
Deserves, for every minute, more
Than half a year of love before;
For which the dames, in contemplation
Of that best way of application,
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
By suit, or treaty, to be won;
And such as all posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.
  For women first were made for men,
Not men for them.—It follows, then,
That men have right to ev'ry one,
And they no freedom of their own;
And therefore men have pow'r to choose,
But they no charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirectest way,

'Tis no injustice nor foul play;
And that you ought to take that course,
As we take you, for better or worse,
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chose.
For why should ev'ry savage beast
Exceed his great Lord's interest?
Have freer pow'r than he, in Grace
And Nature, o'er the creature has?
Because the laws he since has made
Have cut off all the pow'r he had;
Retrench'd the absolute dominion
That Nature gave him over women;
When all his pow'r will not extend
One law of Nature to suspend;
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest clause, is to repel.
This, if men rightly understood
Their privilege, they would make good,
And not, like sots, permit their wives
T' encroach on their prerogatives;
For which sin they deserve to be
Kept, as they are, in slavery:
And this some precious Gifted Teachers,
Unrev'rently reputed Leachers,
And disobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,

305 306 Sir Roger L'Estrange ('Key to Hudibras') mentions Mr. Case as one; and Mr. Butler, in his Posthumous works,* mentions Dr. Burgess and Hugh Peters; and the writer of a

* It may be proper to observe here, once for all, that Butler left no genuine poems besides those in the possession of Mr. Longueville, and published by Mr. Thyer in 1759, which form the subsequent part of this volume.

And make you suffer, as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault:
But I forget myself, and rove
Beyond th' instructions of my love.
  Forgive me, Fair, and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my flame,
Since 'tis too much at once to shew
Excess of love and temper too;
All I have said that 's bad and true,
Was never meant to aim at you,
Who have so sov'reign a control
O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul,
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd loss of heaven too;
Both with an equal pow'r possest,
To render all that serve you blest;
But none like him, who 's destin'd either
To have or lose you both together;
And if you 'll but this fault release
(For so it must be, since you please),
I'll pay down all that vow and more,
Which you commanded, and I swore,
And expiate, upon my skin,
Th' arrears in full of all my sin;
For 'tis but just that I should pay
Th' accruing penance for delay,

Letter to the Earl of Pembroke, 1647, p. 9, observes of Peters, "That it was offered to be publicly proved that he got both mother and daughter with child." "I am glad (says an anonymous person, Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. iv. p. 734) to hear that Mr. Peters shews his head again; it was reported here (Amsterdam, May 5, 1655) that he was found with a whore a-bed, and he grew mad, and said nothing but O blood, O blood, that troubles me."

Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity and your love.

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,
Believ'd h' had brought her to his whistle,
And read it, like a jocund lover,
With great applause t' himself twice over;
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble distance, to his wit,
And dated it with wondrous art,
'Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;'
Then seal'd it with his coat of love,
A smoking faggot—and above,
Upon a scroll—I burn and weep,
And near it—For her Ladyship,
Of all her sex most excellent,
These to her gentle hands present.—
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With lessons how t' observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the letter:
But guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least her sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile and leering flout;
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd.

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

THAT you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
Is no strange news, nor ever was,
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your sword and spurs were won
In combat, by an Amazon;
That sword that did, like Fate, determine
Th' inevitable death of vermin,
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
By Trulla was, in single fight,
Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight,
Your heels degraded of your spurs,
And in the stocks close prisoners,
Where still they'd lain, in base restraint,
If I, in pity' of your complaint,
Had not, on honourable conditions,
Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons;
And what return that favour met
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When, being free, you strove t' evade
The oaths you had in prison made;
Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
But after own'd, and justify'd it;
And when y' had falsely broke one vow,
Absolv'd yourself by breaking two:
For while you sneakingly submit,

And beg for pardon at our feet,
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter for your ears,
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due;
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only course;
We have no title nor pretence
To body, soul, or conscience,
But ought to fall to that man's share
That claims us for his proper ware:
These are the motives which, t' induce,
Or fright us into love, you use;
A pretty new way of gallanting,
Between soliciting and ranting!
Like sturdy beggars, that intreat
For charity at once, and threat.
But since you undertake to prove
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize
In war between two enemies;
Or forfeitures, which ev'ry lover,
That would but sue for, might recover;
It is not hard to understand
The myst'ry of this bold demand,
That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.
'Tis not those paltry counterfeit
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds, that inspire
And set your amorous hearts on fire;
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads,
Which on our lips you lay for reds,

And make us wear, like Indian Dames,
Add fuel to your scorching flames;
But those true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.
'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are so transported with;
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects.
Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,
The periwigs you make us wear;
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wildfire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I 've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle, by their tones,
Their mystic cabals, and jargones;
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
What raptures fond and amorous,
O' th' charms and graces of my house;
What ecstacy and scorching flame,
Burns for my money in my name;
What from th' unnatural desire
To beasts and cattle, takes its fire;
What tender sigh, and trickling tear,
Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;
And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.
  These are th' attracts which most men fall
Enamour'd at first sight withal;
To these th' address with serenades,
And court with balls and masquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning pain

Ye 've suffer'd for their loves in vain,
I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy,
That, all your oaths and labour lost,
They 'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.
This is not meant to disapprove
Your judgment, in your choice of love;
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of mankind study 't as an art;
For love should, like a deodand,
Still fall to th' owner of the land;
And where there 's substance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and sound,
Than that which has the slighter basis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces;
Which is of such thin subtlety,
It steals and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again as nice a way.
  But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid, and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis you have no way t' express
Our charms and graces but by these;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty' invades and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philtre love commands?
  This is the way all parents prove
In managing their children's love,
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed,
As if th' were burying of the dead;

Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have;
And, when th' settlement 's in force,
Take all the rest for better or worse;
For money has a power above
The stars, and Fate, to manage love;
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
And though some say the parents' claims
To make love in their children's names,
Who, many times, at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride;
Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,
And woo, and contract, in their names;
And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em,
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money;
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do 't for worse than nothing;
And, when they're at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage choose.
All this is right; but for the course
You take to do 't, by fraud or force,
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than setters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a vow,
Which all men either break or bow;
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but woo?
Such as before-hand swear and lie,

For earnest to their treachery,
And, rather than a crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less:
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to the last,
And when their crimes were made appear
As plain as witnesses can swear;
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lie.
Nor are the virtues you confess'd
T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd,
So slight as to be justify'd,
By being as shamefully deny'd;
As if you thought your word would pass,
Point-blank, on both sides of a case;
Or credit were not to be lost
B' a brave Knight-errant of the Post,
That eats perfidiously his word,
And swears his ears through a two-inch board;
Can own the same thing, and disown,
And perjure booty *pro* and *con*;
Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
And help him out, to be forsworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,

[183] The way of taking an oath is by laying the right hand upon the four Evangelists, which denominates it a corporal oath. This method was not always complied with in those iniquitous times. In the trial of Mr. Christopher Love, in the year 1651, one Jaquel, an evidence, laid his hand upon his buttons, and not upon the book, when the oath was tendered him; and, when he was questioned for it, he answered, "I am as good as under an oath." In the trial of the brave Colonel Morrice (who kept Pontefract Castle for the King) at York, by Thorp and Puleston, when he challenged one Brook, his professed enemy, the Court answered.

To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.
These are the virtues in whose name
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion,
In Grace and Nature, o'er all women;
Of whom no less will satisfy,
Than all the sex, your tyranny;
Although you 'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern such a numerous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you;
For if you all were Solomons,
And wise and great as he was once,
You 'll find they 're able to subdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
  And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done,
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the sleight;
For when we find ye 're still more taken
With false attracts of our own making,
Swear that 's a rose, and that 's a stone,
Like sots, to us that laid it on,
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences;
To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces,

He spoke too late; Brook was sworn already. Brook being asked the question, whether he were sworn or no, replied, "He had not yet kissed the book." The Court answered, That was no matter; it was but a ceremony; he was recorded sworn, and there was no speaking against a record.

And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit:
For, by the practice of those arts,
We gain a greater share of hearts;
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost:
For great perfections are, like heaven,
Too rich a present to be given;
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty,
Which, when they're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel.
How fair and sweet the planted rose,
Beyond the wild, in hedges grows!
For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flowers degenerate into weeds:
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
And polish'd, looks a diamond!
Though Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness;
And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that nature has conferr'd:
This does but rough-hew and design,
Leaves Art to polish and refine.
Though women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them agen:
For when (out-witted by his wife)
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,
If women had not interven'd,
How soon had mankind had an end!
And that it is in being yet,

To us alone you are in debt.
And where 's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural No-voice?
Since all the privilege you boast,
And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost,
Is now our right, to whose creation
You owe your happy restoration.
And if we had not weighty cause
To not appear, in making laws,
We could, in spite of all your tricks,
And shallow formal politics,
Force you our managements t' obey,
As we to yours (in show) give way.
Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive
T' advance your high prerogative,
You basely, after all your braves,
Submit, and own yourselves our slaves;
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our int'rests own,
Like sots, suppose we have no shares
In ordering you and your affairs,
When all your empire and command
You have from us, at second-hand;
As if a pilot, that appears
To sit still only, while he steers,
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like every common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card, nor star,
And did not guide the man-of-war:
Nor we, because we don't appear
In Councils, do not govern there;
While. like the mighty Prester John,

[277] Prester John, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had

Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserv'd in close disguise
From being made cheap to vulgar eyes,
W' enjoy as large a pow'r, unseen,
To govern him, as he does men;
And, in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make emperors at our feet fall down;
Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name,
Our right to arms and conduct claim;
Who, though a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a Grand Constable.
We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the Judges and the Cause;
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more powerful eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight,
In all the world's affairs of state;
Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.
We rule all churches and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox;
And are the heavenly vehicles
O' th' spirits in all Conventicles:
By us is all commerce and trade

seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission.

[285] Joan of Arc, called also 'The Pucelle,' or 'Maid of Orleans.'

[288] All this is a satire on King Charles II. who was governed so much by his mistresses: particularly this line seems to allude to his French mistress, the Duchess of Portsmouth, given by that Court, whom she served in the important post of governing King Charles as they directed.

Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that price, as what we sell.
We rule in every public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting:
Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
We make the man-of-war strike sail,
And to our braver conduct veil,
And when h' has chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of state,
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
That 's haughty and imperious?
He 's but a journeyman to us,
That, as he gives us cause to do 't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.
  We are your guardians, that increase,
Or waste, your fortunes how we please;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.
  'Tis we that can dispose, alone,
Whether your heirs shall be your own,
To whose integrity you must,
In spite of all your caution, trust:
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs we please;
And force you t' own them, though begotten
By French valets, or Irish footmen.
Nor can the rigorousest course
Prevail, unless to make us worse;
Who still, the harsher we are us'd,
Are further off from being reduc'd,

And scorn t' abate, for any ills,
The least punctilios of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits t' apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy,
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For, when ye' ve tried all sorts of ways,
What fools d' we make of you in plays?
While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads;
Encounter, in despite of Nature,
And fight, at once, with fire and water,
With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
Our pride and vanity t' appease;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces and best thoughts;
To do your exercise for honour,
And have your brains beat out the sooner;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known;
And still appear the more industrious
The more your projects are preposterous;
To square the circle of the arts,
And run stark mad to show your parts;
Expound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we see cause;
Be our solicitors and agents,
And stand for us in all engagements.
And these are all the mighty pow'rs
You vainly boast to cry down ours,
And what in real value 's wanting,

Supply with vapouring and ranting:
Because yourselves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's pride,
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hector'd, and submit;
By your example, lose that right
In treaties, which we gain'd in fight;
And, terrify'd into an awe,
Pass on ourselves a Salique law;
Or, as some nations use, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race;
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
As if they were the better women.

THE REMAINS OF BUTLER.

PREFACE.

IT would be very unjust to the memory of a writer so much and so justly esteemed as Butler, to suppose it necessary to make any formal apology for the publication of these 'Remains.' Whatever is the genuine performance of a genius of his class cannot fail of recommending itself to every reader of taste; and all that can be required from the Publisher is to satisfy the world that it is not imposed upon by false and spurious pretensions.

This has already been attempted in the printed proposals for the subscription; but as the perishing form of a loose paper seems too frail a monument to preserve a testimony of so much importance, it cannot, I hope, be judged impertinent to repeat the substance of what I observed upon that occasion—that the Manuscripts, from which this work is printed, are Butler's own hand-writing, as evidently appears from some original letters of his, found amongst them —that, upon his death, they fell into the hands of his good friend Mr. W. Longueville, of the Temple, who, as the writer of Butler's Life informs us, was at the charge of burying him—that, upon Mr. Longueville's decease, they became the property of his son, the late Charles Longueville, Esq. who bequeathed them, at his death, to John Clarke, Esq. and that this

gentleman has been prevailed upon to part with them, and favoured me with an authority to insert the following certificate of their authenticity.

"I do hereby certify, that the papers now proposed to be published by Mr. Thyer, are the 'original manuscripts' of Mr. Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras, and were bequeathed to me by the late Charles Longueville, Esq.

JOHN CLARKE."

Walgherton, Cheshire,
Nov. 20, 1754.

Although, from evidence of such a nature, there cannot remain the least doubt about the genuineness of this work, and it be very certain that everything in it is the performance of Butler, yet it must be owned, at the same time, that there is not the same degree of perfection and exactness in all the compositions here printed. Some are finished with the utmost accuracy, and were fairly transcribed for the press, as far as can be judged from outward appearance: others, though finished, and wrote with the same spirit and peculiar vein of humour which distinguishes him from all other writers, seem as if, upon a second review, he would have retouched and amended in some little particulars; and some few are left unfinished, or at least parts of them are lost or perished. This acknowledgment I think due to the Poet's character and memory, and necessary to bespeak that candid allowance from the reader which the Posthumous Works of every writer have a just claim to.

It is, I know, a common observation, that it is doing injustice to a departed genius to publish fragments, or such pieces as he had not given the last hand to. Without controverting the justness of this remark in general, one may, I think, venture to affirm,

that it is not to be extended to every particular case, and that a writer of so extraordinary and uncommon a turn as the author of Hudibras is not to be included under it. It would be a piece of foolish fondness to purchase at a great expense, or preserve with a particular care, the unfinished works of every tolerable painter; and yet it is esteemed a mark of fine taste, to procure, at almost any price, the rough sketches and half-formed designs of a Raphael, a Rembrandt, or any celebrated master. If the elegant remains of a Greek or Roman statuary, though maimed and defective, are thought worthy of a place in the cabinets of the polite admirers of antiquity, and the learned world thinks itself obliged to laborious critics for handing down to us the half-intelligible scraps of an ancient classic; no reason can, I think, be assigned why a genius of more modern date should not be entitled to the same privilege, except we will absurdly and enthusiastically fancy that time gives a value to writings, as well as to coins and medals. It may be added, also, that as Butler is not only excellent, but almost singular too, in his manner of writing, every thing of his must acquire a proportionable degree of value and curiosity.

I shall not longer detain the reader from better entertainment, by indulging my own sentiments upon these 'Remains;' and shall rather choose to wait for the judgment of the Public, than impertinently to obtrude my own. It is enough for me that I have faithfully discharged the office of an Editor, and shall leave to future critics the pleasure of criticising and remarking, approving or condemning. The notes which I have given, the reader will find to be only such as were necessary to let him into the Author's meaning, by reciting and explaining some circum-

stances, not generally known, to which he alludes; and he cannot but observe that many more might have been added, had I given way to a fondness for scribbling, too common upon such occasions.

Although my Author stands in need of no apology for the appearance he is going to make in the following sheets, the world may probably think that the Publisher does, for not permitting him to do it sooner. All that I have to say, and to persons of candour I need to say no more, is, that the delay has been owing to a bad state of health, and a consequent indisposition for a work of this nature, and not to indolence, or any selfish narrow views of my own.

[1757] [ROBERT THYER.]

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.*

A LEARN'D society of late,
The glory of a foreign state,
Agreed, upon a summer's night,
To search the Moon by her own light;
To take an invent'ry of all
Her real estate and personal;
And make an accurate survey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyors stole a shire:
T' observe her country, how 'twas planted,
With what sh' abounded most, or wanted;
And make the proper'st observations
For settling of new plantations,
If the Society should incline
T' attempt so glorious a design.
This was the purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time as fitting,
When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the scale
With which they heav'n itself assail,
Was mounted full against the Moon,
And all stood ready to fall on:

* This Poem was intended by the Author for a satire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at least, ran too much, at that time, into the virtuoso taste, and a whimsical fondness for surprising and wonderful stories in natural history.

Impatient who should have the honour
To plant an ensign first upon her.
  When one, who for his deep belief
Was virtuoso then in chief,
Approv'd the most profound, and wise,
To solve impossibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glass his judging eye,
Cry'd, Strange !—then reinforc'd his sight
Against the Moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow,
As if he meant to gaze her through;
When all the rest began t' admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not understand,
Cry'd out, impatient to know what
The matter was they wonder'd at.
  Quoth he, Th' inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the Sun shines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep and eighty round,
(In which at once they fortify
Against the sun and th' enemy),
Which they count towns and cities there,
Because their people 's civiler
Than those rude peasants that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war;
And now both armies, highly' enrag'd,
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both sides slain,

As by the glass 'tis clear and plain.
Look quickly then, that every one
May see the fight before 'tis done.
  With that a great philosopher,
Admir'd and famous far and near,
As one of singular invention,
But universal comprehension,
Apply'd one eye, and half a nose,
Unto the optic engine close:
For he had lately undertook
To prove, and publish in a book,
That men, whose nat'ral eyes are out,
May, by more pow'rful art, be brought
To see with th' empty holes, as plain
As if their eyes were in again;
And if they chanc'd to fail of those,
To make an optic of a nose,
As clearly' it may, by those that wear
But spectacles, be made appear,
By which both senses being united,
Does render them much better sighted.
This great man, having fixt both sights
To view the formidable fights,
Observ'd his best, and then cry'd out,
The battle 's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvani rally,
And from their trenches make a sally
Upon the stubborn enemy,
Who now begin to rout and fly.
  These silly ranting Privolvans
Have every summer their campaigns,
And muster, like the warlike sons
Of Raw-head and of Bloody-bones,

As numerous as Soland geese
I' th' islands of the Orcades,
Courageously to make a stand,
And face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the long'd-for winter 's come,
And then return in triumph home,
And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,
And vap'ring of their victories.
From th' old Arcadians they 're believ'd
To be, before the Moon, deriv'd,
And, when her orb was new created,
To people her were thence translated:
For as th' Arcadians were reputed
Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could bring
To civil life but fiddleing,
They still retain the antique course
And custom of their ancestors,
And always sing and fiddle to
Things of the greatest weight they do.
  While thus the learn'd man entertains
Th' assembly with the Privolvans,
Another, of as great renown,
And solid judgment, in the Moon,
That understood her various soils,
And which produc'd best genet-moyles,
And in the register of fame
Had enter'd his long-living name,
After he had por'd long and hard
I' th' engine, gave a start, and star'd—
  Quoth he, A stranger sight appears
Than e'er was seen in all the spheres!
A wonder more unparallel'd,

Than ever mortal tube beheld;
An elephant from one of those
Two mighty armies is broke loose,
And with the horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a fright:
Look quickly, lest the sight of us
Should cause the startled beast t' imboss.
It is a large one, far more great
Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,
From which we boldly may infer
The Moon is much the fruitfuller.
And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Those living castles first, 'tis thought,
Against the Romans, in the field,
It may an argument be held,
(Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of Greece,)
To prove what this illustrious person
Has made so noble a discourse on,
And amply satisfy'd us all
Of th' Privolvans' original.
That Elephants are in the Moon,
Though we had now discover'd none,
Is easily made manifest,
Since, from the greatest to the least,
All other stars and constellations
Have cattle of all sorts of nations,
And heaven, like a Tartar's horde,
With great and numerous droves is stor'd:
And if the Moon produce by Nature
A people of so vast a stature,
'Tis consequent she should bring forth
Far greater beasts, too, than the earth,

(As by the best accounts appears
Of all our great'st discoverers),
And that those monstrous creatures there
Are not such rarities as here.
  Meanwhile the rest had had a sight
Of all particulars o' th' fight,
And ev'ry man, with equal care,
Perus'd of th' Elephant his share,
Proud of his int'rest in the glory
Of so miraculous a story;
When one, who for his excellence
In height'ning words, and shad'wing sense,
And magnifying all he writ
With curious microscopic wit,
Was magnify'd himself no less
In home and foreign colleges,
Began, transported with the twang
Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue.
  Most excellent and virtuous Friends,
This great discov'ry makes amends
For all our unsuccessful pains,
And lost expense of time and brains:
For by this sole phenomenon
We've gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a pass to hold dispute
With all the planets that stand out;
To carry this most virtuous war
Home to the door of every star,
And plant th' artillery of our tubes
Against their proudest magnitudes;
To stretch our victories beyond
Th' extent of planetary ground,
And fix our engines, and our ensigns,

Upon the fixt stars' vast dimensions,
(Which Archimede, so long ago,
Durst not presume to wish to do),
And prove if they are other suns,
As some have held opinions,
Or windows in the empyreum,
From whence those bright effluvias come
Like flames of fire (as others guess)
That shine i' the mouths of furnaces.
Nor is this all we have achiev'd,
But more, henceforth to be believ'd,
And have no more our best designs,
Because they 're ours, believ'd ill signs.
T' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,
Shall now no more be laid t' our charge;
Nor shall our ablest virtuosos
Prove arguments for coffee-houses;
Nor those devices that are laid
Too truly on us, nor those made
Hereafter, gain belief among
Our strictest judges, right or wrong;
Nor shall our past misfortunes more
Be charged upon the ancient score;
No more our making old dogs young
Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong;
Nor new-invented chariots draw
The boys to course us without law;
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
To turn them into mongrel-curs,
Make them suspect our skulls are brittle,
And hold too much wit or too little;
Nor shall our speculations, whether
An elder-stick will save the leather

Of school-boys' breeches from the rod,
Make all we do appear as odd,
This one discovery 's enough
To take all former scandals off—
But since the world 's incredulous
Of all our scrutinies, and us,
And with a prejudice prevents
Our best and worst experiments,
(As if th' were destin'd to miscarry,
In consort try'd, or solitary),
And since it is uncertain when
Such wonders will occur agen,
Let us as cautiously contrive
To draw an exact Narrative
Of what we every one can swear
Our eyes themselves have seen appear,
That, when we publish the Account,
We all may take our oaths upon 't.
  This said, they all with one consent
Agreed to draw up th' Instrument,
And, for the general satisfaction,
To print it in the next 'Transaction.'
  But whilst the chiefs were drawing up
This strange Memoir o' th' telescope,
One, peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant advance,
And from the west side of the Moon
To th' east was in a moment gone.
This being related, gave a stop
To what the rest were drawing up;
And every man, amazed anew
How it could possibly be true,
That any beast should run a race

So monstrous, in so short a space,
Resolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
At least as possible as he could,
And rather his own eyes condemn,
Than question what he had seen with them.
While all were thus resolv'd, a man
Of great renown there thus began—
'Tis strange, I grant! but who can say
What cannot be, what can, and may?
Especially at so hugely vast
A distance as this wonder's plac'd,
Where the least error of the sight
May shew things false, but never right;
Nor can we try them, so far off,
By any sublunary proof:
For who can say that Nature there
Has the same laws she goes by here?
Nor is it like she has infus'd,
In every species there produc'd,
The same efforts she does confer
Upon the same productions here;
Since those with us, of several nations,
Have such prodigious variations,
And she affects so much to use
Variety in all she does.
Hence may b' inferr'd that, though I grant
We 'ave seen i' th' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may differ so
From those upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, and force, and speed,
As being of a different breed,
That though our own are but slow-pac'd,
Theirs there may fly, or run as fast,

And yet be Elephants, no less
Than those of Indian pedigrees.
  This said, another of great worth,
Fam'd for his learned works put forth,
Look'd wise, then said—All this is true,
And learnedly observ'd by you;
But there 's another reason for 't,
That falls but very little short
Of mathematic demonstration,
Upon an accurate calculation,
And that is—As the earth and moon
Do both move contrary upon
Their axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot be
But so prodigiously fast,
That vaster spaces may be past
In less time than the beast has gone,
Though h' had no motion of his own,
Which we can take no measure of,
As you have clear'd by learned proof.
This granted, we may boldly thence
Lay claim t' a nobler inference,
And make this great phenomenon,
(Were there no other), serve alone
To clear the grand hypothesis
Of th' motion of the earth from this.
  With this they all were satisfy'd,
As men are wont o' th' bias'd side,
Applauded the profound dispute,
And grew more gay and resolute,
By having overcome all doubt,
Than if it never had fall'n out;
And, to complete their Narrative,

Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve.
  But while they were diverted all
With wording the Memorial,
The foot-boys, for diversion too,
As having nothing else to do,
Seeing the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd virtuosos for their pleasure;
Began to gaze upon the Moon,
As those they waited on had done,
With monkeys' ingenuity,
That love to practise what they see;
When one, whose turn it was to peep,
Saw something in the engine creep,
And, viewing well, discover'd more
Than all the learn'd had done before.
Quoth he, A little thing is slunk
Into the long star-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down so nigh,
I have him just against mine eye.
  This being overheard by one
Who was not so far overgrown
In any virtuous speculation,
To judge with mere imagination,
Immediately he made a guess
At solving all appearances,
A way far more significant
Than all their hints of th' Elephant,
And found, upon a second view,
His own hypothesis most true;
For he had scarce apply'd his eye
To th' engine, but immediately
He found a mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, shut between

The two glass windows in restraint,
Was swell'd into an Elephant,
And prov'd the virtuous occasion
Of all this learned dissertation:
And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child, they say, and bore
A silly mouse; this mouse, as strange,
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.
  Meanwhile the rest in consultation
Had penn'd the wonderful Narration,
And set their hands, and seals, and wit,
T' attest the truth of what they'd writ,
When this accurs'd phenomenon
Confounded all they'd said or done:
For 'twas no sooner hinted at,
But th' all were in a tumult strait,
More furiously enrag'd by far,
Than those that in the Moon made war,
To find so admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed t' have seen 't,
And were engag'd to make it out,
Obstructed with a paltry doubt:
When one, whose task was to determine,
And solve th' appearances of vermin,
Who'd made profound discoveries
In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice,
(Though not so curious, 'tis true,
As many a wise rat-catcher knew),
After he had with signs made way
For something great he had to say;
  * This disquisition
Is, half of it, in my *discission;

* Sic Orig.

For though the Elephant, as beast,
Belongs of right to all the rest,
The mouse, being but a vermin, none
Has title to but I alone;
And therefore hope I may be heard,
In my own province, with regard.
It is no wonder we 're cry'd down,
And made the talk of all the Town,
That rants and swears, for all our great
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
If every one have leave to doubt,
When some great secret 's half made out;
And, 'cause perhaps it is not true,
Obstruct, and ruin all we do.
As no great act was ever done,
Nor ever can, with truth alone,
If nothing else but truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what we do:
For truth is too reserv'd, and nice,
T' appear in mix'd societies;
Delights in solit'ry abodes,
And never shows herself in crowds;
A sullen little thing, below
All matters of pretence and show;
That deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but rare and strange,
To treat the world with what is fit
And proper to its natural wit:
The world, that never sets esteem
On what things are, but what they seem,
And, if they be not strange and new,
They 're ne'er the better for being true;
For what has mankind gain'd by knowing

His little truth, but his undoing,
Which wisely was by nature hidden,
And only for his good forbidden?
And therefore with great prudence does
The world still strive to keep it close;
For if all secret truths were known,
Who would not be once more undone?
For truth has always danger in 't,
And here, perhaps, may cross some hint
We have already agreed upon,
And vainly frustrate all we've done,
Only to make new work for Stubs,
And all the academic clubs.
How much, then, ought we have a care
That no man know above his share,
Nor dare to understand, henceforth,
More than his contribution 's worth;
That those who've purchas'd of the college
A share, or half a share, of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Should not b' admitted to dispute,
Nor any man pretend to know
More than his dividend comes to?
For partners have been always known
To cheat their public interest prone;
And if we do not look to ours,
'Tis sure to run the self-same course.
  This said, the whole assembly allow'd
The doctrine to be right and good,
And, from the truth of what they'd heard,
Resolv'd to give Truth no regard,
But what was for their turn to vouch,
And either find or make it such:
That 'twas more noble to create

Things like Truth, out of strong conceit,
Than with vexatious pains and doubt,
To find, or think t' have found, her out.
  This being resolv'd, they, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Mouse, and Moon;
But still the narrower they pry'd,
The more they were unsatisfy'd,
In no one thing they saw agreeing,
As if they'd several faiths of seeing.
Some swore, upon a second view,
That all they'd seen before was true;
And that they never would recant
One syllable of th' Elephant;
Avow'd his snout could be no Mouse's,
But a true Elephant's proboscis.
Others began to doubt and waver,
Uncertain which o' th' two to favour,
And knew not whether to espouse
The cause of th' Elephant or Mouse.
Some held no way so orthodox
To try it, as the ballot-box,
And, like the nation's patriots,
To find, or make, the truth by votes:
Others conceiv'd it much more fit
T' unmount the tube, and open it,
And, for their private satisfaction,
To re-examine the 'Transaction,'
And after explicate the rest,
As they should find cause for the best.
  To this, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly gave consent,
But, ere the tube was half let down,
It clear'd the first phenomenon:
For, at the end, prodigious swarms

Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all past muster, by mischance,
Both for the Sub- and Pri-volvans.
This being discover'd, put them all
Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,
Asham'd that men so grave and wise
Should be chaldes'd by gnats and flies,
And take the feeble insects' swarms
For mighty troops of men at arms;
As vain as those who, when the Moon
Bright in a crystal river shone,
Threw casting-nets as subtly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' th' water.
  But when they had unscrew'd the glass,
To find out where th' impostor was,
And saw the Mouse, that, by mishap,
Had made the telescope a trap,
Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted,
To be so openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this discovery alone:—
  That those who greedily pursue
Things wonderful, instead of true;
That in their speculations choose
To make discoveries strange news;
And natural history a Gazette
Of tales stupendous and far-fet;
Hold no truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge and overgrown,
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they please;
In vain strive Nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with scorn.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE.*

A VIRTUOUS, learn'd Society, of late
The pride and glory of a foreign state,
Made an agreement, on a summer's night,
To search the Moon at full by her own light;
To take a perfect inventory of all
Her real fortunes, or her personal,
And make a geometrical survey
Of all her lands, and how her country lay,
As accurate as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyor 's said t' have sunk a shire:
T' observe her country's climate, how 'twas planted,
And what she most abounded with, or wanted;
And draw maps of her properest situations
For settling and erecting new plantations,

* After the Author had finished this story in short verse, he took it into his head to attempt it in long. That this was composed after the other, is manifest from its being wrote opposite to it upon a vacant part of the same paper; and though in most places the Poet has done little more than filled up the verse with an additional foot, preserving the same thought and rhyme, yet as it is a singular instance in its way, and has, besides, many considerable additions and variations, which tend to illustrate and explain the preceding Poem, it may be looked upon not only as a curiosity in its kind, but as a new production of the Author's. This I mention only to obviate the objection of those who may think it inserted to fill up the volume. To the admirers of Butler, I am sure, no apology is necessary.

If ever the Society should incline
T' attempt so great and glorious a design:
" A task in vain, unless the German Kepler
Had found out a discovery to people her,
And stock her country with inhabitants
Of military men and Elephants:
For th' Ancients only took her for a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Peloponnese,
Till he appear'd; for which, some write, she sent
Upon his tribe as strange a punishment."
This was the only purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time and place most fitting,
When, at the full, her equal shares of light
And influence were at their greatest height.
And now the lofty telescope, the scale,
By which they venture heav'n itself t' assail,
Was rais'd, and planted full against the Moon,
And all the rest stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should bear away the honour
To plant an ensign, first of all, upon her.
When one, who for his solid deep belief
Was chosen virtuoso then in chief,
Had been approv'd the most profound and wise
At solving all impossibilities,
With gravity advancing, to apply
To th' optic glass his penetrating eye,
Cry'd out, O strange! then reinforc'd his sight
Against the Moon with all his art and might,
And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,

[17] This and the following verses, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing composition; and are distinguished, as well as the rest of the same kind, by being printed with inverted commas.

As if he meant to stare and gaze her through;
While all the rest began as much t' admire,
And, like a powder-train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with dull amazement before-hand,
At what they would, but could not understand,
And grew impatient to discover what
The matter was, they so much wonder'd at.
  Quoth he, The old inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the Sun shines hottest about noon,
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,
In which at once they use to fortify
Against the sun-beams and the enemy,
Are counted borough-towns and cities there,
Because th' inhabitants are civiler
Than those rude country peasants that are found,
Like mountaineers, to live on th' upper ground,
Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are
Perpetually in state of open war.
And now both armies, mortally enrag'd,
Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both sides kill'd and slain,
As by the telescope 'tis clear and plain.
Look in it quickly then, that every one
May see his share before the battle 's done.
  At this a famous great philosopher,
Admir'd, and celebrated, far and near
As one of wondrous, singular invention,
And equal universal comprehension;
"By which he had compos'd a pedler's jargon,
For all the world to learn, and use in bargain,
An universal canting idiom,
To understand the swinging pendulum,

And to communicate, in all designs,
With th' Eastern virtuosi Mandarines;"
Apply'd an optic nerve, and half a nose,
To th' end and centre of the engine close:
For he had very lately undertook
To vindicate, and publish in a book,
That men, whose native eyes are blind, or out,
May by more admirable art be brought
To see with empty holes, as well and plain
As if their eyes had been put in again.
This great man, therefore, having fix'd his sight
T' observe the bloody formidable fight,
Consider'd carefully, and then cry'd out,
'Tis true, the battle 's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,
And from their trenches valiantly sally,
To fall upon the stubborn enemy,
Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.
These paltry domineering Privolvans
Have, every summer-season, their campaigns,
And muster, like the military sons
Of Raw-head and victorious Bloody-bones,
As great and numerous as Soland geese
I' th' summer islands of the Orcades,
Courageously to make a dreadful stand,
And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter's come,
And then disband, and march in triumph home,
And spend the rest of all the year in lies,
And vap'ring of their unknown victories.
From th' old Arcadians they have been believ'd
To be, before the Moon herself, deriv'd;
And, when her orb was first of all created,

To be from thence, to people her, translated:
For, as those people had been long reputed,
Of all the Peloponnesians, the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could ever bring
T' endure the civil life but fiddleing,
They ever since retain the antique course,
And native frenzy of their ancestors,
And always use to sing and fiddle to
Things of the most important weight they do.
While thus the virtuoso entertains
The whole assembly with the Privolvans,
" Another sophist, but of less renown,
Though longer observation of the Moon,"
That understood the diff'rence of her soils,
And which produced the fairest genet-moyles,
" But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension
Had fin'd for wit, and judgment, and invention,"
Who, after poring tedious and hard
In th' optic engine, gave a start, and star'd,
And thus began—A stanger sight appears
Than ever yet was seen in all the spheres!
A greater wonder, more unparallel'd
Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld;
A mighty Elephant from one of those
Two fighting armies is at length broke loose,
And, with the desp'rate horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright!
Look quickly, lest the only sight of us
Should cause the startled creature to imboss.

125 126 The poet had added the two following lines in this character, but afterwards crossed them out :

And first found out the building Paul's,
And paving London with sea-coals.

It is a large one, and appears more great
Than ever was produc'd in Afric yet;
From which we confidently may infer,
The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.
And since, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Those living castles first of all, 'tis thought,
Against the Roman army in the field,
It may a valid argument be held,
(The same Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of antique Greece)
To vindicate what this illustrious person
Has made so learn'd and noble a discourse on,
And giv'n us ample satisfaction all
Of the ancient Privolvans' original.

That Elephants are really in the Moon,
Although our fortune had discover'd none,
Is easily made plain and manifest,
Since from the greatest orbs, down to the least,
All other globes of stars and constellations
Have cattle in 'em of all sorts and nations,
And heaven, like a Northern Tartar's hoard,
With numerous and mighty droves is stor'd:
And if the Moon can but produce by Nature
A people of so large and vast a stature,
'Tis more than probable she should bring forth
A greater breed of beasts, too, than the earth;
As by the best accounts we have, appears
Of all our crediblest discoverers,
And that those vast and monstrous creatures there
Are not such far-fet rarities as here.

Meanwhile th' assembly now had had a sight
Of all distinct particulars o' th' fight,
And every man, with diligence and care,

Perus'd and view'd of th' Elephant his share,
Proud of his equal int'rest in the glory
Of so stupendous and renown'd a story;
When one, who for his fame and excellence
In heightening of words and shadowing sense,
And magnifying all he ever writ
With delicate and microscopic wit,
Had long been magnify'd himself no less
In foreign and domestic colleges,
Began at last (transported with the twang
Of his own elocution) thus t'harangue.
  Most virtuous and incomparable Friends,
This great discovery fully makes amends
For all our former unsuccessful pains,
And lost expenses of our time and brains;
For by this admirable phenomenon,
We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a pass t' engage and hold dispute
With all the other planets that stand out,
And carry on this brave and virtuous war
Home to the door of th' obstinatest star,
And plant th' artillery of our optic tubes
Against the proudest of their magnitudes;
To stretch our future victories beyond
The uttermost of planetary ground,
And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns,
Upon the fix'd stars' spacious dimensions,
To prove if they are other suns or not,
As some philosophers have wisely thought,
Or only windows in the empyreum,
Through which those bright effluvias use to come;
Which Archimede, so many years ago,
Durst never venture but to wish to know.

Nor is this all that we have now achiev'd,
But greater things!—henceforth to be believ'd;
And have no more our best or worst designs,
Because they 're ours, suspected for ill signs.
T' out-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,
Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge;
Nor shall our best and ablest virtuosos
Prove arguments again for coffee-houses;
" Nor little stories gain belief among
Our criticallest judges, right or wrong:"
Nor shall our new-invented chariots draw
The boys to course us in 'em without law;
" Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,
Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries:
No more our heading darts (a swinging one!)
With butter only harden'd in the sun;
Or men that used to whistle loud enough
To be heard by others plainly five miles off,
Cause all the rest we own and have avow'd,
To be believ'd as desperately loud."
Nor shall our future speculations, whether
An elder-stick will render all the leather
Of schoolboys' breeches proof against the rod,
Make all we undertake appear as odd.
This one discovery will prove enough
To take all past and future scandals off:
But since the world is so incredulous
Of all our usual scrutinies and us,
And with a constant prejudice prevents
Our best as well as worst experiments,
As if they were all destin'd to miscarry,
As well in concert try'd, as solitary;
And that th' assembly is uncertain when

Such great discoveries will occur agen,
'Tis reasonable we should, at least, contrive
To draw up as exact a Narrative
Of that which every man of us can swear
Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear,
That when 'tis fit to publish the Account
We all may take our several oaths upon 't.
This said, the whole assembly gave consent
To drawing up th' authentic Instrument,
And, for the nation's gen'ral satisfaction,
To print and own it in their next 'Transaction:'
But while their ablest men were drawing up
The wonderful memoir o' th' telescope,
A member peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant begin t' advance,
That from the west-by-north side of the Moon
To th' east-by-south was in a moment gone.
This being related, gave a sudden stop
To all their grandees had been drawing up,
And every person was amaz'd anew,
How such a strange surprisal should be true,
Or any beast perform so great a race,
So swift and rapid, in so short a space,
Resolv'd, as suddenly, to make it good,
Or render all as fairly as they could,
And rather chose their own eyes to condemn,
Than question what they had beheld with them.
While every one was thus resolv'd, a man
Of great esteem and credit thus began—
'Tis strange, I grant! but who, alas! can say
What cannot be, or justly can, and may?
Especially at so hugely wide and vast
A distance as this miracle is plac'd,

Where the least error of the glass, or sight,
May render things amiss, but never right?
Nor can we try them, when they're so far off,
By any equal sublunary proof:
For who can justify that Nature there
Is ty'd to the same laws she acts by here?
Nor is it probable she has infus'd
Int' ev'ry species in the Moon produc'd,
The same efforts she uses to confer
Upon the very same productions here,
Since those upon the earth, of several nations,
Are found t' have such prodigious variations,
And she affects so constantly to use
Variety in every thing she does.
From hence may be inferr'd that, though I grant
We have beheld i' th' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may chance to differ so
From those with us upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed,
As being of a different kind and breed,
That though, 'tis true, our own are but slow-pac'd,
Theirs there, perhaps, may fly, or run as fast,
And yet be very Elephants, no less
Than those deriv'd from Indian families.
  This said, another member of great worth,
Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,
" In which the mannerly and modest author
Quotes the Right Worshipful his elder brother,"
Look'd wise a while, then said—All this is true,
And very learnedly observ'd by you;
But there's another nobler reason for 't,
That, rightly observ'd, will fall but little short
Of solid mathematic demonstration,

Upon a full and perfect calculation;
And that is only this—As th' earth and moon
Do constantly move contrary upon
Their several axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot fail to be
So violent, and naturally fast,
That larger distances may well be past
In less time than the Elephant has gone,
Although he had no motion of his own,
Which we on earth can take no measure of
As you have made it evident by proof.
This granted, we may confidently hence
Claim title to another inference,
And make this wonderful phenomenon
(Were there no other) serve our turn alone,
To vindicate the grand hypothesis,
And prove the motion of the earth from this.
  This said, th' assembly now was satisfy'd,
As men are soon upon the bias'd side;
With great applause receiv'd th' admir'd dispute,
And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute,
By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt,
Than if th' occasion never had fall'n out;
Resolving to complete their Narrative,
And punctually insert this strange retrieve.
  But while their grandees were diverted all
With nicely wording the Memorial,
The foot-boys, for their own diversion too,
As having nothing now at all to do,
And when they saw the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd virtuosos, only for their pleasure;
"With drills' and monkeys' ingenuity,
That take delight to practise all they see,"

Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,
As those they waited on before had done:
When one, whose turn it was by chance to peep,
Saw something in the lofty engine creep.
And, viewing carefully, discover'd more
Than all their masters hit upon before.
Quoth he, O strange! a little thing is slunk
On th' inside of the long star-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down so low and nigh,
I have him here directly 'gainst mine eye.
  This chancing to be overheard by one
Who was not, yet, so hugely overgrown
In any philosophic observation,
As to conclude with mere imagination,
And yet he made immediately a guess
At fully solving all appearances,
A plainer way, and more significant
Than all their hints had prov'd o' th' Elephant,
And quickly found, upon a second view,
His own conjecture, probably, most true;
For he no sooner had apply'd his eye
To th' optic engine, but immediately
He found a small field-mouse was gotten in
The hollow telescope, and, shut between
The two glass windows, closely in restraint,
Was magnify'd into an Elephant,
And prov'd the happy virtuous occasion
Of all this deep and learned dissertation.
And as a mighty mountain, heretofore,
Is said t' have been begot with child, and bore
A silly mouse, this captive mouse, as strange,
Produc'd another mountain in exchange.
  Meanwhile the grandees, long in consultation,

Had finish'd the miraculous Narration,
And set their hands, and seals, and sense, and wit,
T' attest and vouch the truth of all th' had writ,
When this unfortunate phenomenon
Confounded all they had declar'd and done:
For 'twas no sooner told and hinted at,
But all the rest were in a tumult strait,
More hot and furiously enrag'd by far
Than both the hosts that in the Moon made war,
To find so rare and admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed and sworn t' have seen 't,
And had engag'd themselves to make it out,
Obstructed with a wretched paltry doubt.
When one, whose only task was to determine
And solve the worst appearances of vermin,
Who oft had made profound discoveries
In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,
(Though not so curious and exact, 'tis true,
As many an exquisite rat-catcher knew),
After he had a while with signs made way
For something pertinent he had to say,
At last prevail'd—Quoth he, This disquisition
Is, the one half of it, in my decission;
For though 'tis true the Elephant, as beast,
Belongs, of nat'ral right, to all the rest,
The mouse, that 's but a paltry vermin, none
Can claim a title to, but I alone;
And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,
In my own province, freely, with regard.
It is no wonder that we are cry'd down,
And made the table-talk of all the town,
That rants and vapours still, for all our great
Designs and projects, we 've done nothing yet,

If every one have liberty to doubt,
When some great secret 's more than half made out,
Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true,
And put a stop to all w' attempt to do.
As no great action ever has been done,
Nor ever 's like to be, by Truth alone,
If nothing else but only truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do;
" For Truth is always too reserv'd and chaste,
T' endure to be by all the Town embrac'd;
A solitary anchorite, that dwells
Retir'd from all the world, in obscure cells,"
Disdains all great assemblies, and defies
The press and crowd of mix'd societies,
That use to deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but great, and rare, and strange,
To entertain the world with what is fit
And proper for its genius and its wit;
The world, that 's never found to set esteem
On what things are, but what th' appear and seem:
And if they are not wonderful and new,
They 're ne'er the better for their being true.
" For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind
Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind,
A greediness and gluttony o' th' brain,
That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,
And grows more desp'rate, like the worst diseases,
Upon the nobler part (the mind) it seizes?"
And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing
His little truths, unless his own undoing,
That prudently by Nature had been hidden,
And, only for his greater good, forbidden?
And therefore with as great discretion does

The world endeavour still to keep it close;
For if the secrets of all truths were known,
Who would not, once more, be as much undone?
For truth is never without danger in 't,
As here it has depriv'd us of a hint
The whole assembly had agreed upon,
And utterly defeated all w' had done,
"By giving foot-boys leave to interpose,
And disappoint whatever we propose;"
For nothing but to cut out work for Stubs,
And all the busy academic clubs,
"For which they have deserv'd to run the risks
Of elder-sticks, and penitential frisks."
How much, then, ought we have a special care
That none presume to know above his share,
Nor take upon him t' understand, henceforth,
More than his weekly contribution's worth,
That all those that have purchas'd of the college
A half, or but a quarter, share of knowledge,
And brought none in themselves but spent repute,
Should never be admitted to dispute,
Nor any member undertake to know
More than his equal dividend comes to?
For partners have perpetually been known
T' impose upon their public int'rest prone;
And if we have not greater care of ours,
It will be sure to run the self-same course.
  This said, the whole Society allow'd
The doctrine to be orthodox and good,
And from th' apparent truth of what th' had heard,
Resolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard,
But what was for their interests to vouch,
And either find it out, or make it such:

That 'twas more admirable to create
Inventions, like truth, out of strong conceit,
Than with vexatious study, pains, and doubt,
To find, or but suppose t' have found, it out.
  This being resolv'd, th' assembly, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Elephant, and Moon;
But still the more and curiouser they pry'd,
They but became the more unsatisfy'd;
In no one thing they gaz'd upon agreeing,
As if th' had different principles of seeing.
Some boldly swore, upon a second view,
That all they had beheld before was true,
And damn'd themselves they never would recant
One syllable th' had seen of th' Elephant;
Avow'd his shape and snout could be no Mouse's,
But a true nat'ral Elephant's proboscis.
Others began to doubt as much, and waver,
Uncertain which to disallow or favour;
"Until they had as many cross resolves,
As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves,"
And grew distracted, whether to espouse
The party of the Elephant or Mouse.
  Some held there was no way so orthodox,
As to refer it to the ballot-box,
And, like some other nation's patriots,
To find it out, or make the truth, by votes:
Others were of opinion 'twas more fit
T' unmount the telescope, and open it,
And, for their own, and all men's, satisfaction,
To search and re-examine the 'Transaction,'
And afterwards to explicate the rest,
As they should see occasion for the best.
  To this, at length, as th' only expedient,

The whole assembly freely gave consent;
But ere the optic tube was half let down,
Their own eyes clear'd the first phenomenon:
For at the upper end, prodigious swarms
Of busy flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all past muster in the glass by chance,
For both the Peri- and the Sub-volvans.
This being discover'd, once more put them all
Into a worse and desperater brawl;
Surpris'd with shame, that men so grave and wise
Should be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies,
And to mistake the feeble insects' swarms
For squadrons and reserves of men in arms;
As politic as those who, when the Moon
As bright and glorious in a river shone,
Threw casting-nets with equal cunning at her,
To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water.
But when, at last, they had unscrew'd the glass
To find out where the sly impostor was,
And saw 'twas but a Mouse, that by mishap
Had catch'd himself, and them, in th' optic trap,

521 522 Butler, to compliment his Mouse for affording him an opportunity of indulging his satirical turn, and displaying his wit upon this occasion, has, to the end of this Poem, subjoined the following epigrammatical note:

A Mouse, whose martial valour has so long
Ago been try'd, and by old Homer sung,
And purchas'd him more everlasting glory
Than all his Grecian and his Trojan story,
Though he appears unequal match'd, I grant,
In bulk and stature by the Elephant,
Yet frequently has been observ'd in battle
To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,
When, having boldly enter'd the redoubt,
And storm'd the dreadful outwork of his snout,
The little vermin, like an errant knight,
Has slain the huge gigantic beast in fight.

Amaz'd, with shame confounded, and afflicted
To find themselves so openly convicted,
Immediately made haste to get them gone
With none but this discovery alone:—
That learned men, who greedily pursue
Things that are rather wonderful than true,
And, in their nicest speculations, choose
To make their own discoveries strange news,
And nat'ral hist'ry rather a Gazette
Of rarities stupendous and far-fet;
Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
That are not strongly vast and overgrown,
And strive to explicate appearances,
Not as they 're probable, but as they please,
In vain endeavour Nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn.

A SATIRE UPON THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

A FRAGMENT.*

A LEARNED man, whom once a-week
A hundred virtuosos seek,
And like an oracle apply to,
T' ask questions, and admire, and lie to,

* Butler formed a design of writing another satire upon the Royal Society, part of which I find amongst his papers, fairly and correctly transcribed. Whether he ever finished it, or the remainder of it be lost, is uncertain: the Fragment,

Who entertain'd them all of course
(As men take wives for better or worse)
And pass'd them all for men of parts,
Though some but sceptics in their hearts;
For when they're cast into a lump,
Their talents equally must jump;
As metals mixt, the rich and base
Do both at equal values pass.
  With these the ord'nary debate
Was after news, and things of state,
Which way the dreadful comet went
In sixty-four, and what it meant?
What nations yet are to bewail
The operation of its tail?
Or whether France or Holland yet,
Or Germany, be in its debt?
What wars and plagues in Christendom
Have happen'd since, and what to come?
What kings are dead, how many queens
And princesses are poison'd since?
And who shall next of all by turn
Make courts wear black, and tradesmen mourn?
What parties next of foot or horse,
Will rout, or routed be, of course?
What German marches, and retreats,
Will furnish the next month's Gazettes?
What pestilent contagion next,
And what part of the world, infects?

however. that is preserved, may not improperly be added in this place, as in some sort explanatory of the preceding poem: and, I am persuaded, that those who have a taste for Butler's turn and humour, will think this too curious a Fragment to be lost, though perhaps too imperfect to be formally published.

What dreadful meteor, and where,
Shall in the heavens next appear?
And when again shall lay embargo
Upon the Admiral, the good ship Argo?
Why currents turn in seas of ice
Some thrice a-day, and some but twice?
And why the tides at night and noon,
Court, like Caligula, the Moon?
What is the nat'ral cause why fish
That always drink do never piss?
Or whether in their home, the deep,
By night or day they ever sleep?
If grass be green, or snow be white,
But only as they take the light?
Whether possessions of the devil,
Or mere temptations, do most evil?
What is 't that makes all fountains still
Within the earth to run up hill,
But on the outside down again,
As if th' attempt had been in vain?
Or what 's the strange magnetic cause
The steel on loadstone 's drawn or draws?
The star, the needle, which the stone
Has only been but touch'd upon?
Whether the North-star's influence
With both does hold intelligence?
(For red-hot ir'n, held tow'rds the pole,
Turns of itself to 't when 'tis cool:)
Or whether male and female screws
In th' iron and stone th' effect produce?
What makes the body of the sun,
That such a rapid course does run,
To draw no tail behind through th' air,

As comets do, when they appear.
Which other planets cannot do,
Because they do not burn, but glow?
Whether the Moon be sea or land,
Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand;
Or if the dark holes that appear,
Are only pores, not cities, there?
Whether the atmosphere turn round,
And keep a just pace with the ground,
Or loiter lazily behind,
And clog the air with gusts of wind?
Or whether crescents in the wane,
(For so an author has it plain),
Do burn quite out, or wear away
Their snuffs upon the edge of day?
Whether the sea increase, or waste,
And, if it do, how long 'twill last?
Or, if the sun approaches near
The earth, how soon it will be there?
These were their learned speculations,
And all their constant occupations,
To measure wind, and weigh the air,
And turn a circle to a square;
To make a powder of the sun,
By which all doctors should b' undone;
To find the north-west passage out,
Although the farthest way about;
If chemists from a rose's ashes
Can raise the rose itself in glasses?
Whether the line of incidence
Rise from the object, or the sense?
To stew th' elixir in a bath
Of hope, credulity, and faith;

To explicate, by subtle hints,
The grain of diamonds and flints,
And in the braying of an ass
Find out the treble and the bass;
If mares neigh alto, and a cow
A double diapason low.—

* * * * *

REPARTEES BETWEEN CAT AND PUSS.

AT A CATERWAULING. IN THE MODERN HEROIC WAY.

IT was about the middle age of night,
When half the earth stood in the other's light,
And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,
Gave weary'd Nature a restorative,
When Puss, wrapt warm in his own native furs,
Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours,
Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,
And sporting on delightful faggot-piles;
Of bolting out of bushes in the dark,

Repartees] This poem is a satirical banter upon those heroic plays which were so much in vogue at the time our Author lived; the dialogues of which, having what they called Heroic Love for their subject, are carried on exactly in this strain, as any one may perceive that will consult the dramatic pieces of Dryden, Settle, and others.

As ladies use at midnight in the Park,
Or seeking in tall garrets an alcove,
For assignations in th' affairs of love.
At once his passion was both false and true,
And the more false, the more in earnest grew.
He fancy'd that he heard those am'rous charms
That us'd to summon him to soft alarms,
To which he always brought an equal flame,
To fight a rival, or to court a dame;
And, as in dreams, love's raptures are more taking
Than all their actual enjoyments waking,
His am'rous passion grew to that extreme,
His dream itself awak'd him from his dream.
Thought he, What place is this? or whither art
Thou vanish'd from me, mistress of my heart?
But now I had her in this very place,
Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace,
And while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,
I know not how, nor whither, thou 'rt escap'd:
Stay, and I 'll follow thee.——With that he leapt
Up from the lazy couch on which he slept,
And, wing'd with passion, thro' his known purlieu,
Swift as an arrow from a bow he flew,
Nor stopp'd, until his fire had him convey'd
Where many an assignation h' had enjoy'd;
Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame,
That long had stay'd and call'd, before he came,
Impatient of delay, without one word,
To lose no further time, he fell aboard,
But grip'd so hard, he wounded what he lov'd,
While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd.
C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address;
Canst thou, at once, both injure and caress?

P. Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy pow'rful charms,
And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.
C. He that does love would set his heart a-tilt,
Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt.
P. Your wounds are but without, and mine within:
You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin;
And while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,
You blame th' effect, of which you are the cause.
C. How could my guiltless eye your heart invade,
Had it not first been by your own betray'd?
Hence 'tis, my greatest crime has only been
(Not in mine eyes, but yours) in being seen.
P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt.
C. That 's worse than making cruelty a sport.
P. Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight,
That sets it off to a more noble height.
C. He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,
That takes it up beforehand of his pain.
P. Pain is more dear than pleasure when 'tis past.
C. But grows intolerable if it last.
P. Love is too full of honour to regard
What it enjoys, but suffers as reward.
What knight durst ever own a lover's name,
That had not been half murder'd by his flame?
Or lady, that had never lain at stake,
To death, or force of rivals, for his sake?
C. When love does meet with injury and pain,
Disdain 's the only med'cine for disdain.
P. At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,
In being pleas'd, and in displeasing you.
C. Prepost'rous way of pleasure and of love,
That contrary to its own end would move!
'Tis rather hate that covets to destroy;

Love's business is to love, and to enjoy.
P. Enjoying and destroying are all one,
As flames destroy that which they feed upon.
C. He never lov'd at any gen'rous rate,
That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate.
As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make
The thirst more violent it pretends to slake,
So should fruition do the lover's fire,
Instead of lessening, inflame desire.
P. What greater proof that passion does transport,
When, what I'd die for, I'm forced to hurt?
C. Death, among lovers, is a thing despis'd,
And far below a sullen humour priz'd,
That is more scorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,
When they are cross'd in love, or fall at odds:
But since you understand not what you do,
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.
P. Passion begins indifferent to prove,
When love considers any thing but love.
C. The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,
And, though they pierce it, never hurt the skin;
They leave no marks behind them where they fly,
Though through the tend'rest part of all, the eye;
But your sharp claws have left enough to shew
How tender I have been, how cruel you.
P. Pleasure is pain, for when it is enjoy'd,
All it could wish for was but to b' allay'd.
C. Force is a rugged way of making love.
P. What you like best, you always disapprove.
C. He that will wrong his love will not be nice,
T' excuse the wrong he does, to wrong her twice.
P. Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant.
C. Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.

P. When you mistake that for an injury
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I.
C. You do not feel yourself the pain you give:
But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve,
But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,
That can be cruel where you own a flame.
P. 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me;
For while you stifle and inflame desire,
You burn and starve me in the self-same fire.
C. It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,
Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for 't;
As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt sun and sun,
Make others pay for what themselves have done.

TO THE

HONOURABLE EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF

THE BRITISH PRINCES.*

SIR,

YOU have oblig'd the British nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,
And, at your own charge, monuments more hard
Than brass or marble to their fame have rear'd;
For as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how brave their ancestors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,

* Most of the celebrated wits in Charles II's reign addressed this gentleman in a bantering way upon his poem called 'The British Princes,' and, among the rest, Butler.

And no less virtuously improv'd your own:
For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
You of their ancient princes have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;
Describ'd their customs and their rights anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew;
Unriddled their dark oracles as well
As those themselves, that made them, could foretell:
For, as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again,
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in this Poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen,
To raise the dead, and give new life to men;
Make rival princes meet in arms, and love,
Whom distant ages did so far remove:
For as eternity has neither past
Nor future (authors say), nor first, nor last,
But is all instant, your eternal Muse
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why should you, whose miracle of art
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-busied head
T' observe what time they liv'd in, or were dead?
For since you have such arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower,
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
As use to take the vulgar latitude.
There 's no man fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit;
As light can no way but by light appear,
He must bring *sense* that understands it here.

A PALINODIE

TO THE HONOURABLE EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.
UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF
THE BRITISH PRINCES.

IT is your pardon, Sir, for which my Muse
Thrice humbly thus in form of paper sues;
For having felt the dead weight of your wit,
She comes to ask forgiveness and submit;
Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write,
Mourns in the black, does penance in the white:
But such is her belief in your just candour,
She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,
To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense
Of silly emulation or offence.
No; your sufficient wit does still declare
Itself too amply, they are mad that dare
So vain and senseless a presumption own,
To yoke your vast parts in comparison:
And yet you might have thought upon a way
T' instruct us how you 'd have us to obey,
And not command our praises, and then blame
All that 's too great or little for your fame:
For who could choose but err, without some trick
To take your elevation to a nick?
As he that was desir'd, upon occasion,
To make the Mayor of London an oration,
Desir'd his Lordship's favour, that he might
Take measure of his mouth to fit it right;

So, had you sent a scantling of your wit,
You might have blam'd us if it did not fit;
But 'tis not just t' impose, and then cry down
All that 's unequal to your huge renown:
For he that writes below your vast desert,
Betrays his own, and not your want of art.
Praise, like a robe of state, should not sit close
To th' person 'tis made for, but wide and loose;
Derives its comeliness from b'ing unfit,
And such have been our praises of your wit,
Which is so extraordinary, no height
Of fancy but your own can do it right:
Witness those glorious poems you have writ
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,
And those stupendious discoveries
You've lately made of wonders in the skies:
For who, but from yourself, did ever hear
The sphere of atoms was the atmosphere?
Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,
Or put a circle about vacuum?
What should confine those undetermin'd crowds,
And yet extend no further than the clouds?
Who ever could have thought, but you alone,
A sign and an ascendant were all one?
Or how 'tis possible the Moon should shroud
Her face to peep at Mars behind a cloud,
Since clouds below are so far distant plac'd,
They cannot hinder her from being barefac'd?
Who ever did a language so enrich,
To scorn all little particles of speech?
For tho' they make the sense clear, yet they 're found
To be a scurvy hind'rance to the sound;
Therefore you wisely scorn your style to humble,

Or for the sense's sake to waive the rumble.
Had Homer known this art h' had ne'er been fain
To use so many particles in vain,
That to no purpose serve, but (as he haps
To want a syllable) to fill up gaps.
You justly coin new verbs, to pay for those
Which in construction you o'ersee and lose;
And by this art do Priscian no wrong
When you break 's head, for 'tis as broad as long.
These are your own discoveries, which none
But such a Muse as yours could hit upon,
That can, in spite of laws of art, or rules,
Make things more intricate than all the schools:
For what have laws of art to do with you,
More than the laws with honest men and true?
He that 's a prince in poetry should strive
To cry 'em down by his prerogative,
And not submit to that which has no force
But o'er delinquents and inferiors.
Your poems will endure to be [well] try'd
I' th' fire like gold, and come forth purify'd;
Can only to eternity pretend,
For they were never writ to any end.
All other books bear an uncertain rate,
But those you write are always sold by weight;
Each word and syllable brought to the scale,
And valued to a scruple in the sale.
For when the paper 's charg'd with your rich wit,
'Tis for all purposes and uses fit,
Has an abstersive virtue to make clean
Whatever Nature made in man obscene.
Boys find b' experiment, no paper kite
Without your verse can make a noble flight.

It keeps our spice and aromatics sweet;
In Paris they perfume their rooms with it,
For burning but one leaf of yours, they say,
Drives all their stinks and nastiness away.
Cooks keep their pies from burning with your wit,
Their pigs and geese from scorching on the spit;
And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worse,
When arsenic 's only wrapp'd up in the verse.
These are the great performances that raise
Your mighty parts above all reach of praise,
And give us only leave t' admire your worth,
For no man, but yourself, can set it forth,
Whose wondrous pow'r 's so generally known,
Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

A PANEGYRIC

UPON SIR JOHN DENHAM'S RECOVERY FROM HIS MADNESS.*

SIR, you've outliv'd so desperate a fit
As none could do but an immortal wit;
Had yours been less, all helps had been in vain,
And thrown away, though on a less sick brain;

* It must surprise the reader to find a writer of Butler's judgment attacking, in so severe and contemptuous a manner, the character of a Poet so much esteemed as Sir John Denham was. If what he charges him with be true, there is indeed some room for satire: but still there is such a spirit of bitterness runs through the whole, besides the cruelty of ridiculing an infirmity of this nature, as can be accounted for by nothing but some personal quarrel or disgust. How far this weakness may carry the greatest geniuses, we have a proof in what Pope has written of Addison.

But you were so far from receiving hurt,
You grew improv'd, and much the better for 't.
As when th' Arabian bird does sacrifice,
And burn himself in his own country's spice,
A maggot first breeds in his pregnant urn,
Which after does to a young Phœnix turn:
So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,
Did life renew'd and vigorous youth acquire;
And with so much advantage, some have guess'd
Your after-wit is like to be your best,
And now expect far greater matters of ye
Than the bought 'Cooper's Hill,' or borrow'd 'Sophy;'
Such as your Tully lately dress'd in verse,
Like those he made himself, or not much worse;
And Seneca's dry sand unmix'd with lime,
Such as you cheat the king with, botch'd in rhyme.
Nor were your morals less improv'd, all pride,
And native insolence, quite laid aside;
And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont
All, that you durst with safety, to affront.
No China cupboard rudely overthrown,
Nor lady tipp'd, by being accosted, down;
No poet jeer'd, for scribbling amiss,
With verses forty times more lewd than his:
Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,
And hold it out, where you had built a sconce;
Nor furiously laid orange-wench aboard,
For asking what in fruit and love you'd scor'd;
But all civility and complacence,
More than you ever us'd before or since.
Beside, you never over-reach'd the King
One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,
Nor brought in false accompt, with little tricks

Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks;
False mustering of workmen by the day,
Deduction out of wages, and dead pay
For those that never liv'd; all which did come,
By thrifty management, to no small sum.
You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worse,
Nor repair'd others, to repair your purse,
As you were wont, till all you built appear'd
Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd;
For had the stones (like his), charm'd by your verse,
Built up themselves, they could not have done worse:
And sure, when first you ventur'd to survey,
You did design to do 't no other way.

All this was done before those days began
In which you were a wise and happy man:
For who e'er liv'd in such a paradise,
Until fresh straw and darkness op'd your eyes?
Who ever greater treasure could command,
Had nobler palaces, and richer land,
Than you had then, who could raise sums as vast
As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,
Or all those practis'd upon public money?
For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye.
For ever are you bound to curse those quacks
That undertook to cure your happy cracks;
For though no art can ever make them sound,
The tamp'ring cost you threescore thousand pound.
How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and lost,
Yet been no more undone by being choust,
Nor forc'd upon the King's accompt to lay
All that, in serving him, you lost at play?
For nothing but your brain was ever found
To suffer sequestration, and compound.

Yet you've an imposition laid on brick,
For all you then laid out at Beast or Gleek;
And when you've rais'd a sum, strait let it fly,
By understanding low and vent'ring high;
Until you have reduc'd it down to tick,
And then recruit again from lime and brick.

ON CRITICS

WHO JUDGE OF MODERN PLAYS PRECISELY BY THE RULES OF THE ANCIENTS.*

WHO ever will regard poetic fury,
When it is once found Idiot by a jury,
And every pert and arbitrary fool
Can all poetic license over-rule;
Assume a barb'rous tyranny, to handle
The Muses worse than Ostrogoth and Vandal;
Make them submit to verdict and report,
And stand or fall to th' orders of a court?
Much less be sentenc'd by the arbitrary
Proceedings of a witless plagiary,
That forges old records and ordinances
Against the right and property of fancies,
More false and nice than weighing of the weather
To th' hundredth atom of the lightest feather,
Or measuring of air upon Parnassus,
With cylinders of Torricellian glasses;

* This warm invective was very probably occasioned by Mr. Rymer, Historiographer to Charles II, who censured three tragedies of Beaumont's and Fletcher's.

Reduce all Tragedy, by rules of art,
Back to its antique theatre, a cart,
And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads
Of rev'rend choruses and episodes;
Reform and regulate a puppet-play,
According to the true and ancient way,
That not an actor shall presume to squeak,
Unless he have a license for 't in Greek;
Nor Whittington henceforward sell his cat in
Plain vulgar English, without mewing Latin:
No pudding shall be suffer'd to be witty,
Unless it be in order to raise pity;
Nor devil in the puppet-play b' allow'd
To roar and spit fire, but to fright the crowd,
Unless some god or demon chance t' have piques
Against an ancient family of Greeks;
That other men may tremble, and take warning,
How such a fatal progeny they 're born in;
For none but such for Tragedy are fitted,
That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd;
And only those held proper to deter,
Who have had th' ill luck against their wills to err.
Whence only such as are of middling sizes,
Between morality and venial vices,
Are qualify'd to be destroy'd by Fate,
For other mortals to take warning at.
  As if the antique laws of Tragedy
Did with our own municipal agree,
And serv'd, like cobwebs, but t' ensnare the weak,
And give diversion to the great to break;
To make a less delinquent to be brought
To answer for a greater person's fault,
And suffer all the worst the worst approver

Can, to excuse and save himself, discover.
  No longer shall Dramatics be confin'd
To draw true images of all mankind;
To punish in effigy criminals,
Reprieve the innocent, and hang the false;
But a club-law to execute and kill,
For nothing, whomsoe'er they please, at will,
To terrify spectators from committing
The crimes they did, and suffer'd for, unwitting.
  These are the reformations of the Stage,
Like other reformations of the age,
On purpose to destroy all wit and sense
As th' other did all law and conscience;
No better than the laws of British plays,
Confirm'd in th' ancient good King Howell's days,
Who made a gen'ral council regulate
Men's catching women by the—you know what,
And set down in the rubrick at what time
It should be counted legal, when a crime,
Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a sin,
And on what days it went out, or came in.
  An English poet should be tried b' his peers,
And not by pedants and philosophers,
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
As butchers are forbid to b' of a jury;
Besides the most intolerable wrong
To try their matters in a foreign tongue,
By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,
Or Tales falser than Euripides;
When not an English native dares appear
To be a witness for the prisoner;
When all the laws they use t' arraign and try
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,

Were made by a foreign lawyer, and his pupils,
To put an end to all poetic scruples,
And by th' advice of virtuosi Tuscans,
Determin'd all the doubts of socks and buskins;
Gave judgment on all past and future plays,
As is apparent by Speroni's case,
Which Lope de Vega first began to steal,
And after him the French filou Corneille;
And since our English plagiaries nim,
And steal their far-fet criticisms from him,
And, by an action falsely laid of Trover,
The lumber for their proper goods recover;
Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers,
Of witty Beaumont's poetry, and Fletcher's,
Who for a few misprisions of wit,
Are charg'd by those who ten times worse commit;
And for misjudging some unhappy scenes,
Are censur'd for 't with more unlucky sense;
When all their worst miscarriages delight,
And please more, than the best that pedants write.

PROLOGUE TO THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON,

ACTED BEFORE THE DUKE OF YORK, UPON HIS BIRTHDAY.

SIR, while so many nations strive to pay
The tribute of their glories to this day,
That gave them earnest of so great a sum
Of glory (from your future acts) to come,
And which you have discharg'd at such a rate,

That all succeeding times must celebrate,
We, that subsist by your bright influence,
And have no life but what we own from thence,
Come humbly to present you, our own way,
With all we have (beside our hearts), a play.
But as devoutest men can pay no more
To deities, than what they gave before,
We bring you only what your great commands
Did rescue for us from engrossing hands,
That would have taken out administration
Of all departed poets' goods i' th' nation;
Or, like to lords of manors, seiz'd all plays
That come within their reach, as wefts and strays,
And claim'd a forfeiture of all past wit,
But that your justice put a stop to it.
'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad
T' admit of all who now write new and bad;
For still the wickeder some authors write,
Others to write worse are encourag'd by 't;
And though those fierce inquisitors of wit,
The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ,
But just as tooth-draw'rs find, among the rout,
Their own teeth work in pulling others out,
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a trade of judging by 't.
Small poetry, like other heresies,
By being persecuted multiplies;
But here they're like to fail of all pretence;
For he that writ this play is dead long since,
And not within their power; for bears are said
To spare those that lie still, and seem but dead.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM, the joys of this great day are due,
No less than to your royal Lord, to you;
And while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,
You have, what 's greater than them all, his heart;
That heart, that, when it was his country's guard,
The fury of two elements out-dar'd,
And made a stubborn haughty enemy
The terror of his dreadful conduct fly;
And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms
Appear no less victorious than his arms,
For which you oft have triumph'd on this day,
And many more to come, Heav'n grant you may.
But as great princes use, in solemn times
Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,
If we have sinn'd without an ill intent,
And done below what really we meant,
We humbly ask your pardon for 't, and pray
You would forgive, in honour of the day.

ON PHILIP NYE'S THANKSGIVING BEARD.*

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face,
That Nature orders for no other place;

* As our Poet has thought fit to bestow so many verses upon this trumpeter of sedition, it may, perhaps, be no thankless office to give the reader some further information about him than what merely relates to his beard. He was educated at Oxford, first in Brasen-nose College, and after-

The fringe and tassel of a countenance,
That hides his person from another man's,
And, like the Roman habits of their youth,
Is never worn until his perfect growth;
A privilege no other creature has,
To wear a nat'ral mask upon his face,
That shifts its likeness every day he wears,
To fit some other person's characters,
And by its own mythology implies,
That men were born to live in some disguise.
  This satisfy'd a rev'rend man, that clear'd
His disagreeing conscience by his Beard.
H' had been preferr'd i' th' army, when the church
Was taken with a Why not? in the lurch;
When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,
Were turn'd to officers of horse, and zealots,
From whom he held the most pluralities
Of contributions, donatives, and sal'ries:
Was held the chiefest of those spiritual trumpets,
That sounded charges to their fiercest combats,

wards in Magdalen Hall, where, under the influence of a Puritanical tutor, he received the first tincture of sedition and disgust to our ecclesiastical establishment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but soon left England to go and reside in Holland, where he was not very likely to lessen those prejudices which he had already imbibed. In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Presbyterian, and a zealous stickler for the Parliament, and was thought considerable enough, in his way, to be sent by his party into Scotland, to encourage and spirit up the cause of the Covenant, in defence of which he wrote several pamphlets. However, as his zeal arose from self-interest and ambition, when the Independents began to have the ascendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a strenuous preacher on that side; and in this situation he was when he fell under the lash of Butler's satire.

But in the desperatest of defeats
Had never blown as opportune retreats,
Until the Synod order'd his departure
To London, from his caterwauling quarter,
To sit among them, as he had been chosen,
And pass or null things at his own disposing;
Could clap up souls in limbo with a vote,
And, for their fees, discharge and let them out;
Which made some grandees bribe him with the place
Of holding-forth upon Thanksgiving-days,
Whither the Members, two and two abreast,
March'd to take in the spoils of all—the feast,
But by the way repeated the oh-hones
Of his wild Irish and chromatic tones;
His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,
He practis'd only t' animate the Cause,
With which the Sisters were so prepossest,
They could remember nothing of the rest.
  He thought upon it, and resolv'd to put
His Beard into as wonderful a cut,
And, for the further service of the women,
T' abate the rigidness of his opinion;
And, but a day before, had been to find
The ablest virtuoso of the kind,
With whom he long and seriously conferr'd
On all intrigues that might concern his Beard;
By whose advice he sat for a design
In little drawn, exactly to a line,
That if the creature chance to have occasion
To undergo a thorough reformation,
It might be borne conveniently about,
And by the meanest artist copy'd out.
  This done, he sent a journeyman sectary

H' had brought up to retrieve, and fetch and carry,
To find out one that had the greatest practice,
To prune and bleach the beards of all Fanatics,
And set their most confus'd disorders right,
Not by a new design, but newer light,
Who us'd to shave the grandees of their sticklers,
And crop the worthies of their Conventiclers;
To whom he shew'd his new-invented draught.
And told him how 'twas to be copy'd out.
  Quoth he, 'Tis but a false and counterfeit,
And scandalous device, of human wit,
That 's abs'lutely forbidden in the Scripture,
To make of any carnal thing the picture.
  Quoth th' other saint, You must leave that to us
T' agree what 's lawful, or what scandalous,
For, till it is determin'd by our vote,
'Tis either lawful, scandalous, or not;
Which, since we have not yet agreed upon,
Is left indiff'rent to avoid or own.
  Quoth he, My conscience never shall agree
To do it, till I know what 'tis to be;
For though I use it in a lawful time,
What if it after should be made a crime?
'Tis true we fought for liberty of conscience,
'Gainst human constitutions, in our own sense,
Which I'm resolv'd perpetually t' avow,
And make it lawful, whatsoe'er we do;
Then do your office with your greatest skill,
And let th' event befall us how it will.
  This said, the nice barbarian took his tools,
To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowles:
Talk'd on as pertinently as he snipt,
A hundred times for every hair he clipt;

Until the Beard at length began t' appear,
And re-assume its antique character,
Grew more and more itself, that art might strive,
And stand in competition with the life;
For some have doubted if 'twere made of snips
Of sables, glued and fitted to his lips,
And set in such an artificial frame,
As if it had been wrought in filograin,
More subtly fil'd and polish'd than the gin
That Vulcan caught himself a cuckold in;
That Lachesis, that spins the threads of Fate,
Could not have drawn it out more delicate.
But being design'd and drawn so regular,
T' a scrupulous punctilio of a hair,
Who could imagine that it should be portal
To selfish, inward-unconforming mortal?
And yet it was, and did abominate
The least compliance in the Church or State,
And from itself did equally dissent,
As from religion and the government.

[108] Among Butler's manuscripts are several other little sketches upon the same subject, but none worth printing, except the following one may be thought passable by way of note:

This rev'rend brother, like a goat,
Did wear a tail upon his throat,
The fringe and tassel of a face,
That gives it a becoming grace,
But set in such a curious frame,
As if 'twere wrought in filograin,
And cut so ev'n, as if 't had been
Drawn with a pen upon his chin.
No topiary hedge of quickset,
Was e'er so neatly cut, or thick-set,
That made beholders more admire,
Than China-plate that 's made of wire;

SATIRE UPON THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.*

WHO would believe that wicked earth,
Where Nature only brings us forth
To be found guilty and forgiv'n,
Should be a nursery for Heav'n;
When all we can expect to do

But being wrought so regular,
In every part, and every hair,
Who would believe it should be portal
To unconforming-inward mortal?
And yet it was, and did dissent
No less from its own government,
Than from the Church's, and detest
That which it held forth and profest;
Did equally abominate
Conformity in Church and State;
And, like an hypocritic brother,
Profess'd one thing, and did another,
As all things, where they 're most profest,
Are found to be regarded least.

* In this composition the reader will have the pleasure of viewing Butler in a light in which he has not hitherto appeared. Everything, almost, that he has wrote, is indeed satirical, but in an arch and droll manner, and he may be said rather to have laughed at the vices and follies of mankind than to have railed at them. In this he is serious and severe, exchanges the 'ridiculum' for the 'acri,' and writes with the spirited indignation of a Juvenal or a Persius. Good-natured readers may perhaps think the invective too bitter; but the same good-nature will excuse the Poet, when it is considered what an edge must be given to his satirical wit by the age in which he lived, distinguished by the two extremes of hypocrisy and enthusiasm on the one part, and irreligion and immorality on the other.

Will not pay half the debt we owe;
And yet more desperately dare,
As if that wretched trifle were
Too much for the eternal Pow'rs,
Our great and mighty creditors,
Not only slight what they enjoin,
But pay it in adult'rate coin?
We only in their mercy trust,
To be more wicked and unjust;
All our devotions, vows, and pray'rs,
Are our own interest, not theirs;
Our off'rings, when we come t' adore,
But begging presents to get more;
The purest bus'ness of our zeal
Is but to err, by meaning well,
And make that meaning do more harm
Than our worse deeds, that are less warm;
For the most wretched and perverse
Does not believe himself he errs.
Our holiest actions have been
Th' effects of wickedness and sin;
Religious houses made compounders
For th' horrid actions of the founders;
Steeples that totter'd in the air,
By letchers sinn'd into repair;
As if we had retain'd no sign
Nor character of the divine
And heav'nly part of human nature,
But only the coarse earthy matter.
Our universal inclination
Tends to the worst of our creation,
As if the stars conspir'd t' imprint,
In our whole species, by instinct,

A fatal brand and signature
Of nothing else but the impure.
The best of all our actions tend
To the preposterousest end,
And, like to mongrels, we 're inclin'd
To take most to th' ignobler kind;
Or monsters, that have always least
Of th' human parent, not the beast.
Hence 'tis we 've no regard at all
Of our best half original;
But, when they differ, still assert
The int'rest of th' ignobler part;
Spend all the time we have upon
The vain capriches of the one,
But grudge to spare one hour to know
What to the better part we owe.
As in all compound substances,
The greater still devours the less,
So, being born and bred up near
Our earthy gross relations here,
Far from the ancient nobler place
Of all our high paternal race,
We now degenerate, and grow
As barbarous, and mean, and low,
As modern Grecians are, and worse,
To their brave nobler ancestors.
Yet, as no barbarousness beside
Is half so barbarous as pride,
Nor any prouder insolence
Than that which has the least pretence,
We are so wretched to profess
A glory in our wretchedness;
To vapour sillily, and rant

Of our own misery and want,
And grow vain-glorious on a score
We ought much rather to deplore,
Who, the first moment of our lives,
Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves:
And our great'st grace is not to know
When we shall pay them back, nor how,
Begotten with a vain caprich,
And live as vainly to that pitch.
  Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleasures but fantastical;
Diseases of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard.
Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms,
Are but out-houses to our tombs;
Cities, though e'er so great and brave,
But mere warehouses to the grave.
Our bravery's but a vain disguise,
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedness is deckt:
Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,
As if w' had gain'd by being lost.
  All this is nothing to the evils
Which men, and their confed'rate devils,
Inflict, to aggravate the curse
On their own hated kind much worse;
As if by nature they 'd been serv'd
More gently than their fate deserv'd,
Take pains (in justice) to invent,
And study their own punishment;
That, as their crimes should greater grow,
So might their own inflictions too.

Hence bloody wars at first began,
The artificial plague of man,
That from his own invention rise,
To scourge his own iniquities;
That, if the heav'ns should chance to spare
Supplies of constant poison'd air,
They might not, with unfit delay,
For lingering destruction stay,
Nor seek recruits of death so far,
But plague themselves with blood and war.
And if these fail, there is no good
Kind Nature e'er on man bestow'd,
But he can easily divert
To his own misery and hurt;
Make that which Heaven meant to bless
Th' ungrateful world with, gentle Peace,
With lux'ry and excess, as fast
As war and desolation, waste;
Promote mortality, and kill,
As fast as arms, by sitting still;
Like earthquakes, slay without a blow,
And, only moving, overthrow;
Make law and equity as dear
As plunder and free-quarter were;
And fierce encounters at the bar
Undo as fast as those in war;
Enrich bawds, whores, and usurers,
Pimps, scriv'ners, silenc'd ministers,
That get estates by being undone
For tender conscience, and have none.
Like those that with their credit drive
A trade, without a stock, and thrive;
Advance men in the church and state

For being of the meanest rate,
Rais'd for their double-guil'd deserts,
Before integrity and parts;
Produce more grievous complaints
For plenty, than before for wants,
And make a rich and fruitful year
A greater grievance than a dear;
Make jests of greater dangers far,
Than those they trembled at in war;
Till, unawares, they 've laid a train
To blow the public up again;
Rally with horror, and, in sport,
Rebellion and destruction court,
And make Fanatics, in despight
Of all their madness, reason right,
And vouch to all they have foreshown,
As other monsters oft have done,
Although from truth and sense as far,
As all their other maggots are:
For things said false, and never meant,
Do oft prove true by accident.
  That wealth, that bounteous Fortune sends
As presents to her dearest friends,
Is oft laid out upon a purchase
Of two yards long in parish churches,
And those too happy men that bought it
Had liv'd, and happier too, without it:
For what does vast wealth bring but cheat,
Law, luxury, disease, and debt;
Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,
An easy-troubled life, and short?

[168] Though this satire seems fairly transcribed for the press, yet, on a vacancy in the sheet opposite to this line, are found

But all these plagues are nothing near
Those, far more cruel and severe,
Unhappy man takes pains to find,
T' inflict himself upon his mind:
And out of his own bowels spins
A rack and torture for his sins;
Torments himself, in vain, to know
That most, which he can never do:
And, the more strictly 'tis deny'd,
The more he is unsatisfy'd;
Is busy in finding scruples out,
To languish in eternal doubt;
Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,
And starts, as horses do, at posts,
And when his eyes assist him least,
Discerns such subtle objects best:
On hypothetic dreams and visions
Grounds everlasting disquisitions,
And raises endless controversies
On vulgar theorems and hearsays;

the following verses, which probably were intended to be added; but as they are not regularly inserted, they are given by way of note.

For men ne'er digg'd so deep into
The bowels of the earth below,
For metals, that are found to dwell
Near neighbour to the pit of hell,
And have a magic pow'r to sway
The greedy souls of men that way,
But with their bodies have been fain
To fill those trenches up again;
When bloody battles have been fought
For sharing that which they took out;
For wealth is all things that conduce
To man's destruction or his use;
A standard both to buy and sell
All things from heaven down to hell.

Grows positive and confident,
In things so far beyond th' extent
Of human sense, he does not know
Whether they be at all or no,
And doubts as much in things that are
As plainly evident and clear;
Disdains all useful sense, and plain,
T' apply to th' intricate and vain;
And cracks his brains in plodding on
That which is never to be known;
To pose himself with subtleties,
And hold no other knowledge wise;
Although the subtler all things are,
They 're but to nothing the more near;
And the less weight they can sustain,
The more he still lays on in vain,
And hangs his soul upon as nice
And subtle curiosities,
As one of that vast multitude
That on a needle's point have stood;
Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,
Upon as nice and subtle scales,
As those that turn upon a plane
With th' hundredth part of half a grain,
And still the subtiler they move,
The sooner false and useless prove.
So man, that thinks to force and strain,
Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,
In vain torments it on the rack,
And, for improving, sets it back;
Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his aims are bent;
Is lost in both, and breaks his blade

Upon the anvil where 'twas made:
For, as abortions cost more pain
Than vig'rous births, so all the vain
And weak productions of man's wit,
That aim at purposes unfit,
Require more drudgery, and worse,
Than those of strong and lively force.

SATIRE UPON THE LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II.*

'TIS a strange age we 've liv'd in, and a lewd,
As e'er the sun in all his travels view'd;
An age as vile as ever Justice urg'd,
Like a fantastic letcher, to be scourg'd;
Nor has it 'scap'd, and yet has only learn'd,
The more 'tis plagued, to be the less concern'd.
Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,
Enough to fright the stubborn'st-hearted age;
The one to mow vast crowds of people down,
The other (as then needless) half the Town;
And two as mighty miracles restore
What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before;
In all as unconcern'd as if they 'd been
But pastimes for diversion to be seen,

* As the preceding satire was upon mankind in general, with some allusion to that age in which it was wrote, this is particularly levelled at the licentious and debauched times of Charles II. humorously contrasted with the Puritanical ones which went before, and is a fresh proof of the Author's impartiality, and that he was not, as is generally, but falsely, imagined, a bigot to the Cavalier party.

Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse,
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.
Twice have men turn'd the World (that silly blockhead)
The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket,
Shook out hypocrisy as fast and loose
As e'er the dev'l could teach, or sinners use,
And on the other side at once put in
As impotent iniquity and sin.
As skulls that have been crack'd are often found
Upon the wrong side to receive the wound;
And, like tobacco-pipes, at one end hit,
To break at th' other still that 's opposite;
So men, who one extravagance would shun,
Into the contrary extreme have run;
And all the difference is, that as the first
Provokes the other freak to prove the worst,
So, in return, that strives to render less
The last delusion, with its own excess,
And, like two unskill'd gamesters, use one way,
With bungling t' help out one another's play.
For those who heretofore sought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their souls,
Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal
And slink away in masquerade to hell,
Now bring their crimes into the open sun,
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,
As eagles try their young against his rays,
To prove if they 're of gen'rous breed or base;
Call heav'n and earth to witness how they 've aim'd,
With all their utmost vigour, to be damn'd,
And by their own examples, in the view
Of all the world, striv'd to damn others too;

On all occasions sought to be as civil
As possible they could t' his grace the Devil,
To give him no unnecessary trouble,
Nor in small matters use a friend so noble,
But with their constant practice done their best
T' improve and propagate his interest:
For men have now made vice so great an art,
The matter of fact 's become the slightest part;
And the debauched'st actions they can do,
Mere trifles to the circumstance and show.
For 'tis not what they do that 's now the sin,
But what they lewdly' affect and glory in,
As if prepost'rously they would profess
A fore'd hypocrisy of wickedness,
And affectation, that makes good things bad,
Must make affected shame accurs'd and mad;
For vices for themselves may find excuse,
But never for their complement and shows;
That if there ever were a mystery
Of moral secular iniquity,
And that the churches may not lose their due
By being encroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new:
For men are now as scrupulous and nice,
And tender-conscienc'd of low paltry vice;
Disdain as proudly to be thought to have
To do in any mischief but the brave,
As the most scrup'lous zealot of late times
T' appear in any but the horrid'st crimes;
Have as precise and strict punctilioes
Now to appear, as then to make no shows,
And steer the world by disagreeing force
Of diff'rent customs 'gainst her nat'ral course:
So pow'rful 's ill example to encroach,

And Nature, spite of all her laws, debauch;
Example, that imperious dictator
Of all that 's good or bad to human nature,
By which the world 's corrupted and reclaim'd,
Hopes to be sav'd, and studies to be damn'd;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise,
Imposes on divinity, and sets
Her seal alike on truths and counterfeits;
Alters all characters of virtue' and vice,
And passes one for th' other in disguise;
Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,
The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good;
That slyly counter-changes wrong and right,
Like white in fields of black, and black in white;
As if the laws of nature had been made
Of purpose only to be disobey'd;
Or man had lost his mighty interest,
By having been distinguish'd from a beast;
And had no other way but sin and vice,
To be restor'd again to Paradise.

How copious is our language lately grown,
To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon!
And yet how expressive and significant,
In *damme* at once to curse, and swear, and rant!
As if no way express'd men's souls so well,
As damning of them to the pit of hell;
Nor any asseveration were so civil,
As mortgaging salvation to the devil;
Or that his name did add a charming grace,
And blasphemy a purity to our phrase.
For what can any language more enrich,
Than to pay souls for vitiating speech;

When the great'st tyrant in the world made those
But lick their words out, that abus'd his prose?
What trivial punishments did then protect
To public censure a profound respect,
When the most shameful penance, and severe,
That could be inflicted on a Cavalier
For infamous debauchery, was no worse
Than but to be degraded from his horse,
And have his livery of oats and hay,
Instead of cutting spurs off, tak'n away?
They held no torture then so great as shame,
And that to slay was less than to defame;
For just so much regard as men express
To th' censure of the public, more or less,
The same will be return'd to them again,
In shame or reputation, to a grain;
And, how perverse soe'er the world appears,
'Tis just to all the bad it sees and hears;
And for that virtue strives to be allow'd
For all the injuries it does the good.
How silly were their sages heretofore,
To fright their heroes with a syren-whore!
Make them believe a water-witch, with charms,
Could sink their men-of-war as easy' as storms;
And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,
Into land-porpoises, and cod, and ling;
To terrify those mighty champions,
As we do children now with Bloodybones;
Until the subtlest of their conjurers
Seal'd up the labels to his soul, his ears,
And ty'd his deafen'd sailors (while he pass'd
The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the mast,
And rather venture drowning than to wrong

The sea-pugs' chaste ears with a bawdy song:
To b' out of countenance, and, like an ass,
Not pledge the Lady Circe one beer-glass;
Unmannerly refuse her treat and wine,
For fear of being turn'd into a swine,
When one of our heroic adventurers now
Would drink her down, and turn her int' a sow.
So simple were those times, when a grave sage
Could with an old wife's tale instruct the age;
Teach virtue more fantastic ways and nice,
Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice;
Made a dull sentence, and a moral fable,
Do more than all our holdings-forth are able;
A forc'd obscure mythology convince,
Beyond our worst inflictions upon sins;
When an old proverb, or an end of verse,
Could more than all our penal laws coerce,
And keep men honester than all our furies
Of jailors, judges, constables, and juries;
Who were converted then with an old saying,
Better than all our preaching now, and praying.
What fops had these been, had they liv'd with us,
Where the best reason 's made ridiculous,
And all the plain and sober things we say,
By raillery are put beside their play!
For men are grown above all knowledge now,
And what they 're ignorant of disdain to know;
Engross truth (like Fanatics) underhand,
And boldly judge before they understand;
The self-same courses equally advance
In spiritual and carnal ignorance,
And, by the same degrees of confidence,
Become impregnable against all sense;

For, as they outgrew ordinances then,
So would they now morality agen.
Though Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,
And both descended from one parent, Sin,
And therefore seldom have been known to part,
In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art,
Yet they have north-west passages to steer
A short way to it, without pains or care;
For, as implicit faith is far more stiff
Than that which understands its own belief,
So those that think, and do but think, they know,
Are far more obstinate than those that do,
And more averse than if they'd ne'er been taught
A wrong way, to a right one to be brought;
Take boldness upon credit beforehand,
And grow too positive to understand;
Believe themselves as knowing and as famous,
As if their gifts had gotten a mandamus,
A bill of store to take up a degree,
With all the learning to it, custom-free,
And look as big for what they bought at Court,
As if they'd done their exercises for 't.

SATIRE UPON GAMING.

WHAT fool would trouble Fortune more,
When she has been too kind before;
Or tempt her to take back again
What she had thrown away in vain,
By idly venturing her good graces
To be dispos'd of by alms-aces;

Or settling it in trust to uses
Out of his power, on trays and deuces;
To put it to the chance, and try,
I' th' ballot of a box and die,
Whether his money be his own,
And lose it, if he be o'erthrown;
As if he were betray'd, and set
By his own stars to every cheat;
Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate
To throw dice for his own estate;
As mutineers, by fatal doom,
Do for their lives upon a drum?
For what less influence can produce
So great a monster as a chouse,
Or any two-legg'd thing possess
With such a brutish sottishness?
Unless those tutelary stars,
Intrusted by astrologers
To have the charge of man, combin'd
To use him in the self-same kind;
As those that help'd him to the trust,
Are wont to deal with others just.
For to become so sadly dull
And stupid, as to fine for gull,
(Not, as in cities, to b' excus'd
But to be judg'd fit to be us'd),
That whosoe'er can draw it in
Is sure inevitably t' win,
And, with a curs'd half-witted fate,
To grow more dully desperate,
The more 'tis made a common prey,
And cheated foppishly at play,
Is their condition; Fate betrays

To Folly first, and then destroys.
For what but miracles can serve
So great a madness to preserve,
As his, that ventures goods and chattels
(Where there 's no quarter given) in battles,
And fights with money-bags as bold
As men with sand-bags did of old;
Puts lands, and tenements, and stocks,
Into a paltry juggler's box;
And, like an alderman of Gotham,
Embarketh in so vile a bottom;
Engages blind and senseless hap
'Gainst high, and low, and slur, and knap,
(As Tartars with a man of straw
Encounter lions hand to paw),
With those that never venture more
Than they had safely' insur'd before;
Who, when they knock the box, and shake,
Do, like the Indian rattle-snake,
But strive to ruin and destroy
Those that mistake it for fair play;
That have their Fulhams at command,
Brought up to do their feats at hand,
That understand their calls and knocks,
And how to place themselves i' th' box;
Can tell the oddses of all games,
And when to answer to their names;
And, when he conjures them t' appear,
Like imps, are ready every-where:
When to play foul, and when run fair
(Out of design) upon the square,
And let the greedy cully win,
Only to draw him further in;

While those with which he idly plays
Have no regard to what he says,
Although he jernie and blaspheme,
When they miscarry, heav'n and them,
And damn his soul, and swear, and curse,
And crucify his Saviour worse
Than those Jew-troopers that threw out,
When they were raffling for his coat;
Denounce revenge, as if they heard,
And rightly understood and fear'd,
And would take heed another time,
How to commit so bold a crime;
When the poor bones are innocent,
Of all he did, or said, or meant,
And have as little sense, almost,
As he that damns them when h' has lost;
As if he had rely'd upon
Their judgment rather than his own;
And that it were their fault, not his,
That manag'd them himself amiss,
And gave them ill instructions how
To run, as he would have them do,
And then condemns them sillily
For having no more wit than he!

SATIRE: TO A BAD POET.

GREAT famous wit! whose rich and easy vein,
Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,
Has all Apollo's treasure at command,
And how good verse is coin'd dost understand,

In all Wit's combats master of defence,
Tell me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense?
'Tis said they' apply to thee, and in thy verse
Do freely range themselves as volunteers,
And without pain, or pumping for a word,
Place themselves fitly of their own accord.
I, whom a lewd caprich (for some great crime
I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
With slavish obstinacy vex my brain
To reconcile them, but, alas! in vain.
Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack,
And, when I would say white, the verse says black;
When I would draw a brave man to the life,
It names some slave that pimps to his own wife,
Or base poltroon, that would have sold his daughter,
If he had met with any to have bought her.
When I would praise an author, the untoward
Damn'd sense says Virgil, but the rhyme—;
In fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,
The contrary (spite of my heart) comes out,
Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains misspent,
I give it over, tir'd, and discontent,
And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times
By whom I was possess'd, forswear all rhymes;
But, having curs'd the Muses, they appear,
To be reveng'd for 't, ere I am aware.
Spite of myself, I straight take fire agen,
Fall to my task with paper, ink, and pen,
And, breaking all the oaths I made, in vain
From verse to verse expect their aid again.

[22] 'Damn'd sense says Virgil, but the rhyme—.'] This blank, and another at the close of the Poem, the Author evidently chose should be supplied by the reader. It is not my business, therefore, to deprive him of that satisfaction.

But, if my Muse or I were so discreet
T' endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,
I might, like others, easily command
Words without study, ready and at hand.
In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes—
And gold and rubies, with as little care,
To fit the colour of her lips and hair;
And, mixing suns, and flowers, and pearl, and stones,
Make them serve all complexions at once.
With these fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ,
I could make verses without art or wit,
And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,
With stol'n impertinence patch up mine own:
But in the choice of words my scrupulous wit
Is fearful to pass one that is unfit;
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
At a line's end, with one insipid phrase;
And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.
May he be damn'd who first found out that curse,
T' imprison and confine his thoughts in verse;
To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,
And make his reason to his rhyme submit!
Without this plague, I freely might have spent
My happy days with leisure and content;
Had nothing in the world to do or think,
Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink;
Had pass'd my time as pleasantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
My soul, that 's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,
T' avoid uneasy greatness and resort,
Or for preferment following the Court.

How happy had I been if, for a curse,
The Fates had never sentenc'd me to verse!
But, ever since this peremptory vein,
With restless frenzy first possess'd my brain,
And that the devil tempted me, in spite
Of my own happiness, to judge and write,
Shut up against my will, I waste my age
In mending this, and blotting out that page,
And grow so weary of the slavish trade,
I envy their condition that write bad.
O happy Scudery! whose easy quill
Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill;
For, though thy works are written in despite
Of all good sense, impertinent, and slight,
They never have been known to stand in need
Of stationer to sell, or sot to read;
For, so the rhyme be at the verse's end,
No matter whither all the rest does tend.
Unhappy is that man who, spite of 's heart,
Is forc'd to be ty'd up to rules of art.
A fop that scribbles does it with delight,
Takes no pains to consider what to write,
But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,
Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth;
While brave and noble writers vainly strive
To such a height of glory to arrive;
But, still with all they do unsatisfy'd,
Ne'er please themselves, though all the world beside:
And those whom all mankind admire for wit,
Wish, for their own sakes, they had never writ.
Thou, then, that see'st how ill I spend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme;
And, if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach —— how ne'er to write again.

SATIRE

UPON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.*

WHO would not rather get him gone
Beyond th' intolerablest zone,
Or steer his passage through those seas
That burn in flames, or those that freeze,
Than see one nation go to school,
And learn of another, like a fool?
To study all its tricks and fashions
With epidemic affectations,
And dare to wear no mode or dress,
But what they in their wisdom please;
As monkeys are, by being taught
To put on gloves and stockings, caught;
Submit to all that they devise,
As if it wore their liveries;
Make ready' and dress th' imagination,
Not with the clothes, but with the fashion;
And change it, to fulfil the curse
Of Adam's fall, for new, though worse;
To make their breeches fall and rise
From middle legs to middle thighs,
The tropics between which the hose

* The object of this satire was that extravagant and ridiculous imitation of the French which prevailed in Charles II's reign, partly owing to the connection and intercourse which the politics of those times obliged us to have with that nation, and partly to our eager desire of avoiding the formal and precise gravity of the hypocritical age that preceded.

Move always as the fashion goes:
Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,
And sometimes flat, like pipkins' lids;
With broad brims, sometimes, like umbrellas,
And sometimes narrow' as Punchinello's:
In coldest weather go unbrac'd,
And close in hot, as if th' were lac'd;
Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,
And sometimes straiter than a hide:
Wear perukes, and with false grey hairs
Disguise the true ones, and their years;
That, when they 're modish, with the young
The old may seem so in the throng;
And, as some pupils have been known
In time to put their tutors down,
So ours are often found t' have got
More tricks than ever they were taught;
With sly intrigues and artifices
Usurp their poxes and their vices;
With garnitures upon their shoes,
Make good their claim to gouty toes;
By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans,
Pretend to aches in their bones,
To scabs and botches, and lay trains
To prove their running of the reins;
And, lest they should seem destitute
Of any mange that 's in repute,
And be behindhand with the mode,
Will swear to crystalline and node;
And, that they may not lose their right,
Make it appear how they came by 't:
Disdain the country where they' were born,
As bastards their own mothers scorn,

And that which brought them forth contemn,
As it deserves, for bearing them;
Admire whate'er they find abroad,
But nothing here, though e'er so good:
Be natives wheresoe'er they come,
And only foreigners at home;
To which they' appear so far estrang'd,
As if they' d been i' th' cradle chang'd,
Or from beyond the seas convey'd
By witches—not born here, but laid;
Or by outlandish fathers were
Begotten on their mothers here,
And therefore justly slight that nation
Where they 've so mongrel a relation;
And seek out other climates, where
They may degen'rate less than here;
As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
Borne on the wind's wings and their own,
Forsake the countries where they 're hatch'd,
And seek out others to be catch'd;
So they more naturally may please
And humour their own geniuses,
Apply to all things, which they see
With their own fancies best agree;
No matter how ridiculous,
'Tis all one, if it be in use;
For nothing can be bad or good,
But as 'tis in or out of mode;
And, as the nations are that use it,
All ought to practise or refuse it;
T' observe their postures, move, and stand,
As they give out the word o' command;
To learn the dullest of their whims,

And how to wear their very limbs;
To turn and manage every part,
Like puppets, by their rules of art;
To shrug discreetly, act, and tread,
And politicly shake the head,
Until the ignorant (that guess
At all things by th' appearances)
To see how Art and Nature strive,
Believe them really alive,
And that they 're very men, not things
That move by puppet-work and springs;
When truly all their feats have been
As well perform'd by motion-men,
And the worst drolls of Punchinellos
Were much th' ingeniouser fellows;
For, when they 're perfect in their lesson,
Th' hypothesis grows out of season,
And, all their labour lost, they 're fain
To learn new, and begin again;
To talk eternally and loud,
And altogether in a crowd,
No matter what; for in the noise
No man minds what another says:
T' assume a confidence beyond
Mankind, for solid and profound,
And still the less and less they know,
The greater dose of that allow:
Decry all things; for to be wise
Is not to know but to despise;
And deep judicious confidence
Has still the odds of wit and sense,
And can pretend a title to
Far greater things than they can do:

T' adorn their English with French scraps,
And give their very language claps;
To jernie rightly, and renounce
I' th' pure and most approv'd-of tones,
And, while they idly think t' enrich,
Adulterate their native speech:
For though to smatter ends of Greek
Or Latin be the rhetoric
Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,
To smatter French is meritorious;
And to forget their mother tongue,
Or purposely to speak it wrong,
A hopeful sign of parts and wit,
And that they' improve and benefit;
As those that have been taught amiss
In liberal arts and sciences,
Must all they'd learnt before in vain
Forget quite, and begin again.

SATIRE UPON DRUNKENNESS.

'TIS pity wine, which Nature meant
To man in kindness to present,
And gave him kindly, to caress
And cherish his frail happiness,
Of equal virtue to renew
His weary'd mind and body too,
Should (like the cyder-tree in Eden,
Which only grew to be forbidden)

No sooner come to be enjoy'd,
But th' owner 's fatally destroy'd;
And that which she for good design'd,
Becomes the ruin of mankind,
That for a little vain excess
Runs out of all its happiness,
And makes the friend of Truth and Love
Their greatest adversary prove;
T' abuse a blessing she bestow'd
So truly' essential to his good,
To countervail his pensive cares,
And slavish drudg'ry of affairs;
To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,
And, more than all these, confidence;
To pass his times of recreation
In choice and noble conversation,
Catch truth and reason unawares,
As men do health in wholesome airs,
(While fools their conversants possess,
As unawares, with sottishness);
To gain access a private way
To man's best sense, by its own key,
Which painful judgers strive in vain
By any other course t' obtain;
To pull off all disguise, and view
Things as they 're natural and true;
Discover fools and knaves, allow'd
For wise and honest in the crowd;
With innocent and virtuous sport
Make short days long, and long nights short,
And mirth the only antidote
Against diseases ere they 're got;
To save health harmless from th' access

Both of the med'cine and disease;
Or make it help itself, secure
Against the desperat'st fit, the cure.
All these sublime prerogatives
Of happiness to human lives,
He vainly throws away, and slights
For madness, noise, and bloody fights;
When nothing can decide, but swords
And pots, the right or wrong of words,
Like princes' titles; and he 's outed
The justice of his cause, that 's routed.
No sooner has a charge been sounded
With—' Son of a whore,' and ' Damn'd confounded,'
And the bold signal giv'n, the lie,
But instantly the bottles fly,
Where cups and glasses are small shot,
And cannon-ball a pewter pot:
That blood, that 's hardly in the vein,
Is now remanded back again;
Though sprung from wine of the same piece,
And near a-kin within degrees,
Strives to commit assassinations
On its own natural relations;
And those twin-spirits, so kind-hearted,
That from their friends so lately parted,
No sooner several ways are gone,
But by themselves are set upon,
Surpris'd like brother against brother,
And put to th' sword by one another:
So much more fierce are civil wars,
Than those between mere foreigners;
And man himself, with wine possest,
More savage than the wildest beast.

For serpents, when they meet to water,
Lay by their poison and their nature;
And fiercest creatures, that repair,
In thirsty deserts, to their rare
And distant rivers' banks to drink,
In love and close alliance link,
And from their mixture of strange seeds
Produce new never-heard-of breeds,
To whom the fiercer unicorn
Begins a large health with his horn;
As cuckolds put their antidotes,
When they drink coffee, into th' pots:
While man, with raging drink inflam'd,
Is far more savage and untam'd;
Supplies his loss of wit and sense
With barb'rousness and insolence;
Believes himself, the less he 's able,
The more heroic and formidable;
Lays by his reason in his bowls,
As Turks are said to do their souls,
Until it has so often been
Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
At length it never can attain
To find the right way back again;
Drinks all his time away, and prunes
The end of 's life, as Vignerons
Cut short the branches of a vine,
To make it bear more plenty o' wine;
And that which Nature did intend
T' enlarge his life, perverts t' its end.
  So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore

Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine,
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

SATIRE UPON MARRIAGE.

SURE marriages were never so well fitted,
As when to matrimony' men were committed,
Like thieves by justices, and to a wife
Bound, like to good behaviour, during life:
For then 'twas but a civil contract made
Between two partners that set up a trade;
And if both fail'd, there was no conscience
Nor faith invaded in the strictest sense;
No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke
When men did free their gall'd necks from the yoke;
But when they tir'd, like other horned beasts,
Might have it taken off, and take their rests,
Without b'ing bound in duty to shew cause,
Or reckon with divine or human laws.
For since, what use of matrimony' has been
But to make gallantry a greater sin?
As if there were no appetite nor gust,
Below adultery, in modish lust;
Or no debauchery were exquisite,
Until it has attain'd its perfect height.

For men do now take wives to nobler ends,
Not to bear children, but to bear them friends;
Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate
As these endearing offices of late.
For men are now grown wise, and understand
How to improve their crimes, as well as land;
And if they 've issue, make the infants pay
Down for their own begetting on the day,
The charges of the gossiping disburse,
And pay beforehand (ere they 're born) the nurse;
As he that got a monster on a cow,
Out of design of setting up a show.
For why should not the brats for all account,
As well as for the christ'ning at the fount,
When those that stand for them lay down the rate
O' th' banquet and the priest in spoons and plate?
  The ancient Romans made the state allow
For getting all men's children above two:
Then married men, to propagate the breed,
Had great rewards for what they never did,
Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,
For owning what their friends were fain to do;
For so they'd children, they regarded not
By whom (good men) or how they were begot.
To borrow wives (like money) or to lend,
Was then the civil office of a friend,
And he that made a scruple in the case,
Was held a miserable wretch and base;
For when they'd children by them, th' honest men
Return'd them to their husbands back again.
Then for th' encouragement and propagation
Of such a great concernment to the nation,
All people were so full of complacence,

And civil duty to the public sense,
They had no name t' express a cuckold then,
But that which signified all married men;
Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,
Unless among the dirty populace,
And no man understands on what account
Less civil nations after hit upon 't:
For to be known a cuckold can be no
Dishonour, but to him that thinks it so;
For if he feel no chagrin or remorse,
His forehead 's shot-free, and he 's ne'er the worse:
For horns (like horny calluses) are found
To grow on skulls that have receiv'd a wound,
Are crackt, and broken; not at all on those
That are invulnerate and free from blows.
What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,
When they were held the worthiest of men,
The real fathers of the commonwealth,
That planted colonies in Rome itself!
When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot
Most Romans, was the noblest patriot!
For if a brave man, that preserv'd from death
One citizen, was honour'd with a wreath,
He that more gallantly got three or four,
In reason must deserve a great deal more,
Then if those glorious worthies of old Rome,
That civiliz'd the world they'd overcome,
And taught it laws and learning, found this way
The best to save their empire from decay,
Why should not these, that borrow all the worth
They have from them, not take this lesson forth,
Get children, friends, and honour too, and money,
By prudent managing of matrimony?

For if 'tis hon'rable by all confest,
Adult'ry must be worshipful at least,
And these times great, when private men are come
Up to the height and politic of Rome.
All by-blows were not only free-born then,
But, like John Lilburn, free-begotten men;
Had equal right and privilege with these
That claim by title right of the four seas:
For being in marriage born, it matters not
After what liturgy they were begot;
And if there be a difference, they have
Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,
By being engender'd with more life and force
Than those begotten the dull way of course.
The Chinese place all piety and zeal
In serving with their wives the commonweal;
Fix all their hopes of merit and salvation
Upon their women's supererogation;
With solemn vows their wives and daughters bind,
Like Eve in Paradise, to all mankind;
And those that can produce the most gallants,
Are held the preciousest of all their saints;
Wear rosaries about their necks, to con
Their exercises of devotion on;
That serve them for certificates, to show
With what vast numbers they have had to do:
Before they 're marry'd make a conscience
T' omit no duty of incontinence;
And she that has been oft'nest prostituted,
Is worthy of the greatest match reputed.
But when the conqu'ring Tartar went about
To root this orthodox religion out,
They stood for conscience, and resolv'd to die,

Rather than change the ancient purity
Of that religion, which their ancestors
And they had prosper'd in so many years;
Vow'd to their gods to sacrifice their lives,
And die their daughters' martyrs and their wives',
Before they would commit so great a sin
Against the faith they had been bred up in.

SATIRE UPON PLAGIARIES.*

WHY should the world be so averse
To plagiary privateers,
That all men's sense and fancy seize,
And make free prize of what they please?
As if, because they huff and swell,
Like pilf'rers, full of what they steal,
Others might equal pow'r assume,
To pay them with as hard a doom;
To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,
For breaking into others' grounds;

* It is not improbable but that Butler, in this satire, or sneering apology for the plagiary, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, whom he has directly attacked in a preceding poem.

Butler was not pleased with the two first lines of this composition, as appears by his altering them in the margin, thus:

Why should the world be so severe
To every small-wit privateer?

And indeed the alteration is much for the better; but as it would not connect grammatically with what follows, it is not here adopted.

Mark them with characters and brands,
Like other forgers of men's hands,
And in effigy hang and draw
The poor delinquents by club-law,
When no indictment justly lies,
But where the theft will bear a price.
  For though wit never can be learn'd,
It may b' assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,
And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,
By b'ing transplanted and remov'd;
And as it bears no certain rate,
Nor pays one penny to the state,
With which it turns no more t' account
Than virtue, faith, and merit 's wont,
Is neither moveable, nor rent,
Nor chattel, goods, nor tenement,
Nor was it ever pass'd b' entail,
Nor settled upon the heirs-male;
Or if it were, like ill-got land,
Did never fall t' a second hand;
So 'tis no more to be engross'd,
Than sun-shine or the air inclos'd,
Or to propriety confin'd,
Than th' uncontroll'd and scatter'd wind.
  For why should that which Nature meant
To owe its being to its vent,
That has no value of its own
But as it is divulg'd and known,
Is perishable and destroy'd
As long as it lies unenjoy'd,
Be scanted of that lib'ral use
Which all mankind is free to choose,
And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,

Instead of being dispers'd and spread?
And the more lavish and profuse,
'Tis of the nobler general use;
As riots, though supply'd by stealth,
Are wholesome to the commonwealth,
And men spend freelier what they win,
Than what they 've freely coming in.
  The world 's as full of curious wit
Which those, that father, never writ,
As 'tis of bastards, which the sot
And cuckold owns that ne'er begot;
Yet pass as well as if the one
And th' other by-blow were their own.
For why should he that 's impotent
To judge, and fancy, and invent,
For that impediment be stopt
To own, and challenge, and adopt,
At least th' expos'd and fatherless
Poor orphans of the pen and press,
Whose parents are obscure or dead,
Or in far countries born and bred?
  As none but kings have pow'r to raise
A levy which the subject pays,
And though they call that tax a loan,
Yet when 'tis gather'd 'tis their own;
So he that 's able to impose
A wit-excise on verse or prose,
And still the abler authors are
Can make them pay the greater share,
Is prince of poets of his time,
And they his vassals that supply' him;
Can judge more justly of what he takes
Than any of the best he makes,

And more impartially conceive
What 's fit to choose, and what to leave.
For men reflect more strictly' upon
The sense of others than their own;
And wit, that 's made of wit and sleight,
Is richer than the plain downright:
As salt that 's made of salt 's more fine
Than when it first came from the brine,
And spirits of a nobler nature
Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.
  Hence mighty Virgil 's said, of old,
From dung to have extracted gold,
(As many a lout and silly clown
By his instructions since has done),
And grew more lofty by that means
Than by his livery-oats and beans,
When from his carts and country farms
He rose a mighty man at arms,
To whom th' Heroics ever since
Have sworn allegiance as their prince,
And faithfully have in all times
Observ'd his customs in their rhymes.
  'Twas counted learning once, and wit,
To void but what some author writ,
And what men understood by rote,
By as implicit sense to quote:
Then many a magisterial clerk
Was taught, like singing birds, i' th' dark,
And understood as much of things,
As th' ablest blackbird what it sings;
And yet was honour'd and renown'd
For grave, and solid, and profound.
Then why should those who pick and choose

The best of all the best compose,
And join it by Mosaic art,
In graceful order, part to part,
To make the whole in beauty suit,
Not merit as complete repute
As those who with less art and pains
Can do it with their native brains,
And make the home-spun business fit
As freely with their mother-wit,
Since what by Nature was deny'd,
By art and industry 's supply'd,
Both which are more our own, and brave,
Than all the alms that Nature gave?
For what w' acquire by pains and art
Is only due t' our own desert;
While all the endowments she confers,
Are not so much our own as hers,
That, like good fortune, unawares,
Fall not t' our virtue, but our shares,
And all we can pretend to merit
We do not purchase, but inherit.
  Thus all the great'st inventions, when
They first were found out, were so mean,
That th' authors of them are unknown,
As little things they scorn'd to own;
Until by men of nobler thought
They' were to their full perfection brought.
This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,
Leaves Art to polish and review,
And that a wit at second hand
Has greatest int'rest and command;
For to improve, dispose, and judge,
Is nobler than t' invent and drudge.

Invention 's humorous and nice,
And never at command applies;
Disdains t' obey the proudest wit,
Unless it chance to b' in the fit,
(Like prophecy, that can presage
Successes of the latest age,
Yet is not able to tell when
It next shall prophesy agen):
Makes all her suitors course and wait
Like a proud minister of state,
And, when she 's serious, in some freak
Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
Attend her silly lazy pleasure,
Until she chance to be at leisure;
When 'tis more easy to steal wit,
To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,
Is both the business and delight,
Like hunting-sports, of those that write;
For thievery is but one sort,
The learned say, of hunting-sport.
Hence 'tis that some, who set up first
As raw, and wretched, and unverst,
And open'd with a stock as poor
As a healthy beggar with one sore;
That never writ in prose or verse,
But pick'd, or cut it, like a purse,
And at the best could but commit
The petty larceny of wit,
To whom to write was to purloin,
And printing but to stamp false coin;
Yet after long and sturdy' endeavours
Of being painful wit-receivers,
With gath'ring rags and scraps of wit,

As paper 's made on which 'tis writ,
Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd
The right—or wrong to be admir'd,
And, arm'd with confidence, incurr'd
The fool's good luck, to be preferr'd.
  For as a banker can dispose
Of greater sums he only owes,
Than he who honestly is known
To deal in nothing but his own,
So whosoe'er can take up most,
May greatest fame and credit boast.

SATIRE

IN TWO PARTS, UPON THE IMPERFECTION AND ABUSE OF HUMAN LEARNING.*

PART I.

IT is the noblest act of human reason
  To free itself from slavish prepossession,
Assume the legal right to disengage
From all it had contracted under age,

* In the large General Dictionary, or Bayle's enlarged by Mr. Bernard, Birch, and Lockman, we are told by the learned editors, under the article 'Hudibras,' that they were personally informed by the late Mr. Longueville—That amongst the genuine remains of Butler, which were in his hands, there was a poem, entitled 'The History of Learning.' To the same purpose is the following passage cited from 'The Poetical Register,' vol. ii. p. 21.—"In justice to the public, it is thought proper to declare, that all the manuscripts Mr.

And not its ingenuity and wit
To all it was imbued with first submit;
Take true or false, for better or for worse,
To have or t' hold indifferently of course.
For custom, though but usher of the school
Where Nature breeds the body and the soul,
Usurps a greater pow'r and interest
O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast,
That by two different instincts is led,
Born to the one, and to the other bred,
And trains him up with rudiments more false

Butler left behind him are now in the custody of Mr. Longueville (among which is one, entitled 'The history of Learning,' written after the manner of Hudibras), and that not one line of those poems lately published under his name is genuine."

As these authorities must have given the world reason to expect, in this Work, a poem of this sort, it becomes necessary to inform the public that Butler did meditate a pretty long satire upon the imperfection and abuse of Human Learning, but that he only finished this first part of it, though he has left very considerable and interesting fragments of the remainder, some of which are subjoined.

The Poet's plan seems to have consisted of two parts; the first, which he has executed, is to expose the defects of Human Learning, from the wrong methods of education, from the natural imperfection of the human mind, and from that over-eagerness of men to know things above the reach of human capacity. The second, as far as one can judge by the 'Remains,' and intended parts of it, was to have exemplified what he has asserted in the first, and ridiculed and satirized the different branches of Human Learning, in characterizing the philosopher, critic, orator, &c.

Mr. Longueville might be led, by this, into the mistake of calling this work 'A History of Learning;' or perhaps it might arise from Butler's having, in one plan, which he afterwards altered, begun with these two lines,

The history of learning is so lame,
That few can tell from whence at first it came.

Than Nature does her stupid animals;
And that's one reason why more care's bestow'd
Upon the body than the soul 's allow'd,
That is not found to understand and know
So subtly as the body 's found to grow.
  Though children without study, pains, or thought,
Are languages and vulgar notions taught,
Improve their nat'ral talents without care,
And apprehend before they are aware,
Yet as all strangers never leave the tones
They have been us'd of children to pronounce,
So most men's reason never can outgrow
The discipline it first receiv'd to know,
But renders words they first began to con,
The end of all that 's after to be known,
And sets the help of education back,
Worse than, without it, man could ever lack;
Who, therefore, finds the artificial'st fools
Have not been chang'd i' th' cradle but the schools,
Where error, pedantry, and affectation,
Run them behind-hand with their education,
And all alike are taught poetic rage,
When hardly one 's fit for it in an age.
  No sooner are the organs of the brain
Quick to receive, and steadfast to retain
Best knowledges, but all 's laid out upon
Retrieving of the curse of Babylon,
To make confounded languages restore
A greater drudg'ry than it barr'd before:
And therefore those imported from the East,
Where first they were incurr'd, are held the best,
Although convey'd in worse Arabian pot-hooks
Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon note-books;

Are really but pains and labour lost,
And not worth half the drudgery they cost,
Unless, like rarities, as they 've been brought
From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,
When those who had no other but their own,
Have all succeeding eloquence outdone;
As men that wink with one eye see more true,
And take their aim much better than with two:
For the more languages a man can speak,
His talent has but sprung the greater leak;
And for the industry h' has spent upon 't,
Must full as much some other way discount.
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,
And turn their wits that strive to understand it,
(Like those that write the characters) left-handed:
Yet he that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learneder than he that 's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own.
  These are the modern arts of education,
With all the learned of mankind in fashion,
But practis'd only with the rod and whip,
As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship;
Or Romish penitents let out their skins,
To bear the penalties of others' sins.
When letters, at the first, were meant for play,
And only us'd to pass the time away,
When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no name
To express a school and playhouse, but the same,
And in their languages so long agone,
To study or be idle was all one;
For nothing more preserves men in their wits,
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,

In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,
And waking, little less extravagances,
The rest and recreation of tir'd thought,
When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,
Of which whoever does not freely take
His constant share, is never broad awake,
And when he wants an equal competence
Of both recruits, abates as much of sense.
Nor is their education worse design'd
Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind:
The greatest inclinations with the least
Capacities are fatally possest,
Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,
Without an equal competence of brains;
While those she has indulg'd in, soul and body,
Are most averse to industry and study,
And th' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,
For want of equal weight to counterpoise.
But when those great conveniences meet,
Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,
The one but strives the other to divert,
While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,
And scholars by prepost'rous over-doing,
And under-judging, all their projects ruin:
Who, though the understanding of mankind
Within so strait a compass is confin'd,
Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound
The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond.
The bravest soldiers scorn, until they 're got
Close to the enemy, to make a shot;
Yet great philosophers delight to stretch
Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think t' unriddle ev'ry cause

That Nature uses, by their own bye-laws;
When 'tis not only' impertinent, but rude,
Where she denies admission, to intrude;
And all their industry is but to err,
Unless they have free quarantine from her;
Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,
By striving to know more than 'tis allow'd.
  For Adam, with the loss of Paradise,
Bought knowledge at too desperate a price
And ever since that miserable fate
Learning did never cost an easier rate;
For though the most divine and sov'reign good
That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,
Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance
To th' interest of truth than ignorance,
And therefore never bore so high a value
As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow;
Had academies, schools, and colleges,
Endow'd for its improvement and increase;
With pomp and show was introduc'd with maces,
More than a Roman magistrate had fasces;
Impower'd with statute, privilege, and mandate,
T' assume an art, and after understand it;
Like bills of store for taking a degree,
With all the learning to it custom-free;
And own professions, which they never took
So much delight in, as to read one book:
Like princes, had prerogative to give
Convicted malefactors a reprieve;
And having but a little paltry wit
More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it;
But scorn'd as soon as 'twas but understood,
As better is a spiteful foe to good,

And now has nothing left for its support,
But what the darkest times provided for 't.
  Man has a natural desire to know,
But th' one half is for int'rest, th' other show:
As scriveners take more pains to learn the sleight
Of making knots, than all the hands they write:
So all his study is not to extend
The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end;
T' appear and pass for learned, though his claim
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name:
For most of those that drudge and labour hard,
Furnish their understandings by the yard,
As a French library by the whole is
So much an ell for quartos and for folios;
To which they are but indexes themselves,
And understand no further than the shelves;
But smatter with their titles and editions,
And place them in their classical partitions;
When all a student knows of what he reads
Is not in 's own, but under general heads
Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,
But, like a Dutchman's money, i' the Cantore,
Where all he can make of it at the best,
Is hardly three per cent for interest;
And whether he will ever get it out
Into his own possession is a doubt:
Affects all books of past and modern ages,
But reads no further than their title-pages,
Only to con the authors' names by rote,
Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,
Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients.
As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,

And compliment the rabble in the street,
Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim
Acquaintance with the meanest by his name,
And by so mean contemptible a bribe
Trepann'd the suffrages of every tribe;
So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,
And he 's esteem'd the learned'st of all others,
That has the largest catalogue of authors.

FRAGMENTS*

OF AN INTENDED SECOND PART OF THE FOREGOING SATIRE.

MEN'S talents grow more bold and confident,
The further they 're beyond their just extent,
As smatt'rers prove more arrogant and pert,
The less they truly understand an art;
And, where they've least capacity to doubt,
Are wont t' appear most perempt'ry and stout;
While those that know the mathematic lines

* These 'Fragments' were fairly written out, and several times, with some little variations, transcribed by Butler, but never connected, or reduced into any regular form. They may be considered as the principal parts of a curious edifice, each separately finished, but not united into one general design.

From these the reader may form a notion and tolerable idea of our author's intended scheme, and will regret, that he did not apply himself to the finishing of a satire so well suited to his judgment and particular turn of wit.

Where Nature all the wit of man confines,
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
It acts beyond the limits of its sphere,
Enjoy an absoluter free command
O'er all they have a right to understand,
Than those that falsely venture to encroach
Where Nature has deny'd them all approach;
And still the more they strive to understand,
Like great estates, run furthest behindhand;
Will undertake the universe to fathom,
From infinite down to a single atom,
Without a geometric instrument,
To take their own capacity's extent;
Can tell as easy how the world was made
As if they had been brought up to the trade,
And whether Chance, Necessity, or Matter,
Contriv'd the whole establishment of Nature;
When all their wits to understand the world
Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,
Or give a rational account why fish,
That always use to drink, do never piss.

What mad fantastic gambols have been play'd
By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,
That were not much inferior to the freaks
Of all our lunatic fanatic sects?
The first and best philosopher of Athens
Was crackt, and ran stark-staring mad with patience,
And had no other way to show his wit,
But when his wife was in her scolding fit;
Was after in the Pagan inquisition,
And suffer'd martyrdom for no religion.
Next him, his scholar, striving to expel

All poets his poetic commonweal,
Exil'd himself, and all his followers,
Notorious poets, only bating verse.
The Stagyrite, unable to expound
The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd;
So he that put his eyes out, to consider
And contemplate on nat'ral things the steadier,
Did but himself for idiot convince,
Though reverenc'd by the learned ever since.
Empedocles, to be esteem'd a god,
Leapt into Ætna, with his sandals shod,
That b'ing blown out, discover'd what an ass
The great philosopher and juggler was,
That to his own new deity sacrific'd,
And was himself the victim and the priest.
The Cynic coin'd false money, and for fear
Of being hang'd for 't, turn'd philosopher;
Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find
One honest man i' th' heap of all mankind;
An idle freak he needed not have done,
If he had known himself to be but one.
With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,
The learned of all ages celebrate;
Things that are properer for Knightsbridge college,
Than th' authors and originals of knowledge;
More sottish than the two fanatics, trying
To mend the world by laughing or by crying;
Or he that laugh'd until he chok'd his whistle,
To rally on an ass that ate a thistle;
That th' antique sage, that was gallant t' a goose,
A fitter mistress could not pick and choose,
Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,
Like two indentures, did agree so fit.

THE ancient sceptics constantly deny'd
What they maintain'd, and thought they justify'd;
For when th' affirm'd that nothing 's to be known,
They did but what they said before disown;
And, like Polemics of the Post, pronounce
The same thing to be true and false at once.
These follies had such influence on the rabble,
As to engage them in perpetual squabble;
Divided Rome and Athens into clans
Of ignorant mechanic partisans;
That, to maintain their own hypotheses,
Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace;
Were often set by officers i' th' stocks
For quarrelling about a paradox:
When pudding-wives were launcht in cock-quean stools
For falling foul on oyster-women's schools;
No herb-women sold cabbages or onions
But to their gossips of their own opinions;
A Peripatetic cobbler scorn'd to sole
A pair of shoes of any other school;
And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,
To go an errand of the Cyrenaics;
That us'd t' encounter in athletic lists,
With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,
Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth
Of academics, to maintain the truth.
But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic
And Epicureans were the most heroic,
That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,
To vindicate the int'rests of their sects,
And still behav'd themselves as resolute
In waging cuffs and bruises as dispute,

Until with wounds and bruises which th' had got,
Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot;
When all their quarrels, rightly understood,
Were but to prove disputes the sov'reign good.

Distinctions, that had been at first design'd
To regulate the errors of the mind,
By b'ing too nicely overstrain'd and vext
Have made the comment harder than the text,
And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,
But break the bones in pieces of a point,
And with impertinent evasions force
The clearest reason from its native course—
That argue things so' uncertain, 'tis no matter
Whether they are, or never were, in nature;
And venture to demonstrate, when th' have slurr'd
And palm'd a fallacy upon a word.
For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence
With blunted foils) engage with blunted sense;
And as they 're wont to falsify a blow,
Use nothing else to pass upon the foe;
Or if they venture further to attack,
Like bowlers, strive to beat away the jack;
And, when they find themselves too hardly prest on,
Prevaricate, and change the state o' th' question;
The noblest science of defence and art
In practice now with all that controvert,
And th' only mode of prizes, from Bear-garden
Down to the schools, in giving blows, or warding.

As old knights-errant in their harness fought
As safe as in a castle or redoubt,
Gave one another desperate attacks,

To storm the counterscarps upon their backs;
So disputants advance, and post their arms,
To storm the works of one another's terms;
Fall foul on some extravagant expression,
But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—
So some polemics use to draw their swords
Against the language only and the words;
As he who fought at barriers with Salmasius,
Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases,
Waiv'd to assert the murder of a prince,
The author of false Latin to convince;
But laid the merits of the cause aside,
By those that understood them to be try'd;
And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing
More capital, than to behead a king,
For which h' has been admir'd by all the learn'd
Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

JUDGMENT is but a curious pair of scales,
That turns with th' hundreth part of true or false,
And still the more 'tis us'd is wont t' abate
The subtlety and niceness of its weight,
Until 'tis false, and will not rise nor fall,
Like those that are less artificial;
And therefore students, in their ways of judging,
Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,
And by their over-understanding lose
Its active faculty with too much use;
For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,
Is but the next of all remov'd from none—
  It is Opinion governs all mankind,
As wisely as the blind that leads the blind:
For as those surnames are esteem'd the best

That signify in all things else the least,
So men pass fairest in the world's opinion
That have the least of truth and reason in them.
Truth would undo the world, if it possest
The meanest of its right and interest;
Is but a titular princess, whose authority
Is always under age, and in minority;
Has all things done, and carried in its name,
But most of all where it can lay no claim;
As far from gaiety and complaisance,
As greatness, insolence, and ignorance;
And therefore has surrender'd her dominion
O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,
That in her right usurps the tyrannies
And arbitrary government of lies—
  As no tricks on the rope but those that break,
Or come most near to breaking of a neck,
Are worth the sight, so nothing goes for wit
But nonsense, or the next of all to it:
For nonsense being neither false nor true,
A little wit to any thing may screw;
And, when it has a while been us'd, of course
Will stand as well in virtue, pow'r, and force,
And pass for sense t' all purposes as good
As if it had at first been understood;
For nonsense has the amplest privileges,
And more than all the strongest sense obliges,
That furnishes the schools with terms of art,
The mysteries of science to impart;
Supplies all seminaries with recruits
Of endless controversies and disputes;
For learned nonsense has a deeper sound
Than easy sense, and goes for more profound,

For all our learned authors now compile
At charge of nothing but the words and style,
And the most curious critics or the learned
Believe themselves in nothing else concerned;
For as it is the garniture and dress
That all things wear in books and languages,
(And all men's qualities are wont t' appear
According to the habits that they wear),
'Tis probable to be the truest test
Of all the ingenuity o' th' rest.
The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks;
Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians
Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,
To learn the art of patrons, in defence
Of int'rest and their clients—eloquence;
When consuls, censors, senators, and prætors,
With great dictators, us'd t' apply to rhetors,
To hear the greater magistrate o' th' school
Give sentence in his haughty chair-curule,
And those who mighty nations overcame,
Were fain to say their lessons, and declaim.
Words are but pictures, true or false, design'd
To draw the lines and features of the mind;
The characters and artificial draughts
T' express the inward images of thoughts;
And artists say a picture may be good,
Although the moral be not understood;
Whence some infer they may admire a style,
Though all the rest be e'er so mean and vile;
Applaud th' outsides of words, but never mind
With what fantastic tawdry they are lin'd.
So orators, enchanted with the twang

Of their own trillos, take delight t' harangue;
Whose science, like a juggler's box and balls,
Conveys and counterchanges true and false;
Casts mists before an audience's eyes,
To pass the one for th' other in disguise;
And, like a morrice-dancer dress'd with bells,
Only to serve for noise and nothing else,
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
And hangs for pendents in a horse's ear;
For if the language will but bear the test,
No matter what becomes of all the rest:
The ablest orator, to save a word,
Would throw all sense and reason overboard.
  Hence 'tis that nothing else but eloquence
Is ty'd to such a prodigal expense;
That lays out half the wit and sense it uses
Upon the other half's as vain excuses:
For all defences and apologies
Are but specifics t' other frauds and lies;
And th' artificial wash of eloquence
Is daub'd in vain upon the clearest sense,
Only to stain the native ingenuity
Of equal brevity and perspicuity,
Whilst all the best and sob'rest things he does
Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose;
Handles no point so evident and clear
(Besides his white gloves) as his handkercher,
Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct
As if his talent had been wrapt up in 't
Unthriftily, and now he went about
Henceforward to improve and put it out.

The pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern;

And, while their studies are between the one
And th' other spent, have nothing of their own;
Like sponges, are both plants and animals,
And equally to both their natures false:
For whether 'tis their want of conversation
Inclines them to all sorts of affectation;
Their sedentary life and melancholy,
The everlasting nursery of folly;
Their poring upon black and white too subtly
Has turn'd the insides of their brains to motley;
Or squand'ring of their wits and time upon
Too many things has made them fit for none;
Their constant overstraining of the mind
Distorts the brain, as horses break their wind;
Or rude confusions of the things they read
Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,
Until they have their constant wanes, and fulls,
And changes, in the insides of their skulls;
Or venturing beyond the reach of wit
Has render'd them for all things else unfit,
But never bring the world and books together,
And therefore never rightly judge of either;
Whence multitudes of rev'rend men and critics
Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,
And by th' immoderate excess of study
Have found the sickly head t' outgrow the body.
  For pedantry is but a corn or wart,
Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art,
A stupify'd excrescence, like a wen,
Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
That never grows from natural defects
Of downright and untutor'd intellects,
But from the over-curious and vain
Distempers of an artificial brain—

So he that once stood for the learned'st man,
Had read out Little Britain and Duck lane,
Worn out his reason and reduc'd his body
And brain to nothing with perpetual study;
Kept tutors of all sorts, and virtuosos,
To read all authors to him, with their glosses,
And made his lacquies, when he walk'd, bear folios
Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scholias,
To be read to him every way the wind
Should chance to sit, before him or behind;
Had read out all th' imaginary duels
That had been fought by consonants and vowels;
Had crackt his skull to find out proper places
To lay up all memoirs of things in cases;
And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,
To play with packs of sciences and arts,
That serve t' improve a feeble gamester's study,
That ventures at grammatic beast or noddy;
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,
That come in dry vats o'er from Frankfort fairs,
Whose authors use t' articulate their surnames
With scraps of Greek more learned than the Germans;
Was wont to scatter books in every room,
Where they might best be seen by all that come,
And lay a train that nat'rally should force
What he design'd, as if it fell of course;
And all this with a worse success than Cardan,
Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,
When, lighting on a philosophic spell
Of which he never knew one syllable,
Presto, begone! h' unriddled all he read,
As if he had to nothing else been bred.

ON A HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

THERE'S nothing so absurd, or vain,
Or barbarous, or inhumane,
But if it lay the least pretence
To piety and godliness,
Or tender-hearted conscience,
And zeal for gospel-truths profess,
Does sacred instantly commence,
And all that dare but question it are strait
Pronounc'd th' uncircumcis'd and reprobate:
As malefactors that escape and fly
Into a sanctuary for defence,
Must not be brought to justice thence,
Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high;
And he that dares presume to do 't
Is sentenc'd and deliver'd up
To Satan that engag'd him to 't,
For vent'ring wickedly to put a stop
To his immunities and free affairs,
Or meddle saucily with theirs,
That are employ'd by him, while he and they
Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

II.

And as the Pagans heretofore
Did their own handyworks adore,
And made their stone and timber deities,

Their temples, and their altars, of one piece;
The same outgoings seem t' inspire
Our modern self-will'd Edifier,
That out of things as far from sense, and more,
Contrives new light and revelation,
The creatures of th' imagination,
To worship and fall down before;
Of which his crack'd delusions draw
As monstrous images and rude
As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,
Or madman in a vision saw;
Mistakes the feeble impotence,
And vain delusions of his mind,
For spiritual gifts and offerings
Which Heaven, to present him, brings;
And still, the further 'tis from sense,
Believes it is the more refin'd,
And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

III.

But as all tricks, whose principles
Are false, prove false in all things else,
The dull and heavy hypocrite
Is but in pension with his conscience,
That pays him for maintaining it
With zealous rage and impudence,
And as the one grows obstinate,
So does the other rich and fat;
Disposes of his gifts and dispensations
Like spiritual foundations,
Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd
To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind:
But still diverts them to as bad, or worse,
Than others are, by unjust governors:

For, like our modern publicans,
He still puts out all dues
He owes to Heaven to the dev'l to use,
And makes his godly interest great gains;
Takes all the Brethren (to recruit
The spirit in him) contribute,
And, to repair and edify his spent
And broken-winded outward man, present
For painful holding-forth against the government.

IV.

The subtle spider never spins,
But on dark days, his slimy gins;
Nor does our engineer much care to plant
His spiritual machines
Unless among the weak and ignorant,
Th' inconstant, credulous, and light,
The vain, the factious, and the slight,
That in their zeal are most extravagant;
For trouts are tickled best in muddy water;
And still, the muddier he finds their brains,
The more he 's sought and follow'd after,
And greater ministrations gains;
For talking idly is admir'd,
And speaking nonsense held inspir'd;
And still the flatter and more dull
His gifts appear, is held more powerful;
For blocks are better cleft with wedges
Than tools of sharp and subtle edges;
And dullest nonsense has been found
By some to be the solid'st and the most profound.

V.

A great Apostle once was said
With too much learning to be mad;

But our great Saint becomes distract,
And only with too little crackt;
Cries moral truths and human learning down,
And will endure no reason but his own:
For 'tis a drudgery and task
Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,
To answer all men can object or ask;
But to be found impregnable,
And with a sturdy forehead to hold out,
In spite of shame or reason resolute,
Is braver than to argue and confute:
As he that can draw blood, they say,
From witches, takes their magic pow'r away,
So he that draws blood int' a Brother's face,
Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace:
For while he holds that nothing is so damn'd
And shameful as to be asham'd,
He never can b' attack'd,
But will come off; for Confidence, well back'd
Among the weak and prepossess'd,
Has often Truth, with all her kingly pow'r, oppress'd.

VI.

It is the nature of late zeal,
'Twill not be subject, nor rebel,
Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,
But where there 's something to be gain'd;
And that b'ing once reveal'd, defies
The law, with all its penalties,
And is convinc'd no pale
O' th' church can be so sacred as a jail:
For as the Indians' prisons are their mines,
So he has found are all restraints
To thriving and free-conscienc'd Saints;

For the same thing enriches that confines;
And like to Lully when he was in hold,
He turns his baser metals into gold,
Receives returning and retiring fees
For holding-forth, and holding of his peace,
And takes a pension to be advocate
And standing counsel 'gainst the church and state
For gall'd and tender consciences:
Commits himself to prison to trepan,
Draw in, and spirit all he can;
For birds in cages have a call,
To draw the wildest into nets,
More prevalent and natural
Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

VII.

His slipp'ry conscience has more tricks
Than all the juggling empirics,
All ev'ry one another contradicts;
All laws of heav'n and earth can break,
And swallow oaths, and blood, and rapine easy,
And yet is so infirm and weak,
'Twill not endure the gentlest check,
But at the slightest nicety grows queasy:
Disdains control, and yet can be
No-where, but in a prison, free;
Can force itself, in spite of God,
Who makes it free as thought at home,
A slave and villain to become
To serve its interests abroad:
And though no Pharisee was e'er so cunning
At tithing mint and cummin,
No dull idolater was e'er so flat
In things of deep and solid weight,

Pretends to charity and holiness,
But is implacable to peace,
And out of tenderness grows obstinate.
And though the zeal of God's house ate a prince
And prophet up (he says) long since,
His cross-grain'd peremptory zeal
Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a meal.

VIII.

He does not pray, but prosecute,
As if he went to law, his suit;
Summons his Maker to appear
And answer what he shall prefer;
Returns Him back His gift of prayer,
Not to petition, but declare;
Exhibits cross complaints
Against Him for the breach of Covenants,
And all the charters of the Saints;
Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands
Upon high terms and bold demands;
Excepts against him and his laws,
And will be judge himself in his own cause;
And grows more saucy and severe
Than th' Heathen emp'ror was to Jupiter,
That us'd to wrangle with him, and dispute,
And sometimes would speak softly in his ear,
And sometimes loud, and rant, and tear,
And threaten, if he did not grant his suit.

IX.

But when his painful gifts h' employs
In holding-forth, the virtue lies
Not in the letter of the sense,
But in the spiritual vehemence,
The pow'r and dispensation of the voice,

The zealous pangs and agonies,
And heav'nly turnings of the eyes;
The groans with which he piously destroys,
And drowns the nonsense in the noise;
And grows so loud as if he meant to force
And take in heav'n by violence;
To fright the Saints into salvation,
Or scare the devil from temptation;
Until he falls so low and hoarse,
No kind of carnal sense
Can be made out of what he means:
But as the ancient Pagans were precise
To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice,
He still conforms to them, and has a care
T' allow the largest measure to his paltry ware.

X.

The ancient churches, and the best,
By their own martyrs' blood increast;
But he has found out a new way,
To do it with the blood of those
That dare his church's growth oppose,
Or her imperious canons disobey;
And strives to carry on the Work,
Like a true primitive reforming Turk,
With holy rage, and edifying war,
More safe and pow'rful ways by far:
For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,
Was the first great Reformer, and the chief
Of th' ancient Christian belief,
That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,
With revelations, dreams, and visions,
And apostolic superstitions,
To be held forth and carry'd on by war;

And his successor was a Presbyter,
With greater right than Haly or Abubeker.

XI.

For as a Turk that is to act some crime
Against his Prophet's holy law
Is wont to bid his soul withdraw,
And leave his body for a time;
So when some horrid action 's to be done,
Our Turkish proselyte puts on
Another spirit, and lays by his own;
And when his over-heated brain
Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman,
He 's judged inspir'd, and all his frenzies held
To be prophetic, and reveal'd.
The one believes all madmen to be saints,
Which th' other cries him down for and abhors,
And yet in madness all devotion plants,
And where he differs most concurs;
Both equally exact and just
In perjury and breach of trust;
So like in all things, that one Brother
Is but a counterpart of th' other;
And both unanimously damn
And hate (like two that play one game)
Each other for it, while they strive to do the same.

XII.

Both equally design to raise
Their churches by the self-same ways;
With war and ruin to assert
Their doctrine, and with sword and fire convert;
To preach the gospel with a drum,
And for convincing overcome:
And though in worshipping of God all blood

Was by His own laws disallow'd,
Both hold no holy rites to be so good,
And both to propagate the breed
Of their own Saints one way proceed;
For lust and rapes in war repair as fast,
As fury and destruction waste:
Both equally allow all crimes
As lawful means to propagate a sect;
For laws in war can be of no effect,
And license does more good in gospel-times.
Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been
The horrid'st scenes of blood and sin;
For when religion does recede
From her own nature, nothing but a breed
Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed.

ON MODERN CRITICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

'TIS well that equal Heav'n has plac'd
Those joys above, that to reward
The just and virtuous are prepar'd,
Beyond their reach, until their pains are past;
Else men would rather venture to possess
By force, than earn by happiness;
And only take the dev'l's advice,
As Adam did, how soonest to be wise,
Though at th' expense of Paradise:
For, as some say, to fight is but a base

Mechanic handy-work, and far below
A gen'rous spirit t' undergo;
So 'tis to take the pains to know,
Which some, with only confidence and face,
More easily and ably do;
For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit.
Who would not rather make himself a judge,
And boldly usurp the chair,
Than with dull industry and care
Endure to study, think, and drudge
For that, which he much sooner may advance
With obstinate and pertinacious ignorance?

II.

For all men challenge, though in spite
Of Nature and their stars, a right
To censure, judge, and know,
Though she can only order who
Shall be, and who shall ne'er be, wise:
Then why should those whom she denies
Her favour and good graces to,
Not strive to take opinion by surprise,
And ravish what it were in vain to woo?
For he that desp'rately assumes
The censure of all wits and arts,
Though without judgment, skill, and parts,
Only to startle and amuse,
And mask his ignorance (as Indians use
With gaudy-colour'd plumes
Their homely nether parts t' adorn)
Can never fail to captive some
That will submit to his oraculous doom,
And rev'rence what they ought to scorn;

Admire his sturdy confidence
For solid judgment and deep sense;
And credit purchas'd without pains or wit,
Like stolen pleasures, ought to be most sweet.

III.

Two self-admirers, that combine
Against the world, may pass a fine
Upon all judgment, sense, and wit,
And settle it as they think fit
On one another, like the choice
Of Persian princes, by one horse's voice:
For those fine pageants which some raise,
Of false and disproportion'd praise,
T' enable whom they please t' appear
And pass for what they never were,
In private only b'ing but nam'd,
Their modesty must be asham'd,
And not endure to hear,
And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd,
And own'd in public every-where:
So vain some authors are to boast
Their want of ingenuity, and club
Their affidavit wits, to dub
Each other but a Knight o' the Post;
As false as suborn'd perjurers,
That vouch away all right they have to their own ears.

IV.

But when all other courses fail,
There is one easy artifice
That seldom has been known to miss,
To cry all mankind down, and rail;
For he whom all men do contemn

May be allow'd to rail again at them,
And in his own defence
To outface reason, wit, and sense,
And all that makes against himself condemn;
To snarl at all things right or wrong,
Like a mad dog that has a worm in 's tongue;
Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,
T' its first original the devil;
And, like a fierce inquisitor of wit,
To spare no flesh that ever spoke or writ;
Though to perform his task as dull
As if he had a toadstone in his skull,
And could produce a greater stock
Of maggots than a pastoral poet's flock.

V.

The feeblest vermin can destroy
As sure as stoutest beasts of prey,
And only with their eyes and breath
Infect and poison men to death;
But that more impotent buffoon
That makes it both his bus'ness and his sport
To rail at all, is but a drone
That spends his sting on what he cannot hurt;
Enjoys a kind of lechery in spite,
Like o'ergrown sinners that in whipping take delight;
Invades the reputation of all those
That have, or have it not to lose;
And if he chance to make a difference,
'Tis always in the wrongest sense:
As rooking gamesters never lay
Upon those hands that use fair play,
But venture all their bets
Upon the slurs and cunning tricks of ablest cheats.

VI.

Nor does he vex himself much less
Than all the world beside,
Falls sick of other men's excess,
Is humbled only at their pride,
And wretched at their happiness;
Revenges on himself the wrong,
Which his vain malice and loose tongue,
To those that feel it not, have done,
And whips and spurs himself because he is outgone;
Makes idle characters and tales,
As counterfeit, unlike, and false,
As witches' pictures are of wax and clay
To those whom they would in effigy slay.
And as the dev'l, that has no shape of 's own,
Affects to put the ugliest on,
And leaves a stink behind him when he 's gone,
So he that 's worse than nothing strives t' appear
I' th' likeness of a wolf or bear,
To fright the weak; but when men dare
Encounter with him, stinks, and vanishes to air.

TO THE

HAPPY MEMORY OF THE MOST RENOWNED DU-VAL.

A PINDARIC ODE.*

I.

'TIS true, to compliment the dead
Is as impertinent and vain
As 'twas of old to call them back again,
Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,
With settlements for after-lives;
For all that can be done or said,
Though e'er so noble, great, and good,
By them is neither heard nor understood.
All our fine sleights and tricks of art,
First to create, and then adore desert,
And those romances which we frame
To raise ourselves, not them, a name,
In vain are stuff'd with ranting flatteries,
And such as, if they knew, they would despise.
For as those times the Golden Age we call
In which there was no gold in use at all,
So we plant glory and renown
Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,
But to worse purpose, many times,

* This Ode, which is the only genuine poem of Butler's among the many spurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his 'Remains,' was published by the Author himself, under his own name, in the year 1671, in three sheets, 4to.

To flourish o'er nefarious crimes,
And cheat the world, that never seems to mind
How good or bad men die, but what they leave behind.

II.

And yet the brave Du-Val, whose name
Can never be worn out by Fame,
That liv'd and died to leave behind
A great example to mankind;
That fell a public sacrifice,
From ruin to preserve those few
Who, though born false, may be made true,
And teach the world to be more just and wise;
Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest
Unmention'd in his silent chest,
Not for his own, but public interest.
He, like a pious man, some years before
The arrival of his fatal hour,
Made ev'ry day he had to live
To his last minute a preparative;
Taught the wild Arabs on the road
To act in a more gentle mode;
Take prizes more obligingly than those
Who never had been bred *filous;*
And how to hang in a more graceful fashion
Than e'er was known before to the dull English nation.

III.

In France, the staple of new modes,
Where garbs and miens are current goods,
That serves the ruder northern nations
With methods of address and treat;
Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,

And how to drink and how to eat
No out-of-fashion wine or meat;
To understand cravats and plumes,
And the most modish from the old perfumes;
To know the age and pedigrees
Of points of Flanders or Venice;
Cast their nativities, and, to a day,
Foretell how long they 'll hold, and when decay;
T' affect the purest negligences
In gestures, gaits, and miens,
And speak by repartee-routines
One of the most authentic of romances,
And to demonstrate, with substantial reason,
What ribands, all the year, are in or out of season.

IV.

In this great academy of mankind
He had his birth and education,
Where all men are s' ingeniously inclin'd
They understand by imitation,
Improve untaught, before they are aware,
As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,
That naturally does dispense
To all a deep and solid confidence;
A virtue of that precious use,
That he, whom bounteous Heav'n endues
But with a mod'rate share of it,
Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,
In all the deep Hermetic arts,
(For so of late the learned call
All tricks, if strange and mystical).
He had improv'd his nat'ral parts,
And with his magic rod could sound
Where hidden treasure might be found:

He, like a lord o' th' manor, seiz'd upon
Whatever happen'd in his way
As lawful weft and stray,
And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

V.

From these first rudiments he grew
To nobler feats, and try'd his force
Upon whole troops of foot and horse,
Whom he as bravely did subdue;
Declar'd all caravans, that go
Upon the king's highway, the foe;
Made many desperate attacks
Upon itinerant brigades
Of all professions, ranks, and trades,
On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs;
Made them lay down their arms, and yield,
And, to the smallest piece, restore
All that by cheating they had gain'd before,
And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field,
In every bold affair of war
He had the chief command, and led them on;
For no man is judg'd fit to have the care
Of others' lives, until h' has made it known
How much he does despise and scorn his own.

VI.

Whole provinces, 'twixt sun and sun,
Have by his conqu'ring sword been won;
And mighty sums of money laid,
For ransom, upon every man,
And hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
Th' excise and chimney-publican,
The Jew forestaller and enhancer,
To him for all their crimes did answer.

He vanquish'd the most fierce and fell
Of all his foes, the Constable;
And oft had beat his quarters up,
And routed him and all his troop.
He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
That in his own allow'd highway
Does feats of arms as great as his,
And, when they' encounter in it, wins the day:
Safe in his garrison, the Court,
Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for 't,
To this stern foe he oft gave quarter,
But as the Scotchman did t' a Tartar,
That he, in time to come,
Might in return from him receive his fatal doom.

VII.

He would have starv'd this mighty Town,
And brought its haughty spirit down;
Have cut it off from all relief,
And, like a wise and valiant chief,
Made many a fierce assault
Upon all ammunition carts,
And those that bring up cheese, or malt,
Or bacon, from remoter parts:
No convoy e'er so strong with food
Durst venture on the desp'rate road;
He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,
And the fierce higgler contribution pay;
The savage butcher and stout drover
Durst not to him their feeble troops discover;
And, if he had but kept the field,
In time had made the city yield;
For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found
I' th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd
In which his stars began to frown,
And had in close cabals contriv'd
To pull him from his height of glory down,
And he, by num'rous foes opprest,
Was in th' enchanted dungeon cast,
Secur'd with mighty guards,
Lest he by force or stratagem
Might prove too cunning for their chains and them,
And break through all their locks, and bolts, and wards;
Had both his legs by charms committed
To one another's charge,
That neither might be set at large,
And all their fury and revenge outwitted.
As jewels of high value are
Kept under locks with greater care
Than those of meaner rates,
So he was in stone walls, and chains, and iron grates.

IX.

Thither came ladies from all parts,
To offer up close prisoners their hearts,
Which he receiv'd as tribute due,
And made them yield up love and honour too,
But in more brave heroic ways
Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays:
For those two spiteful foes, who never meet
But full of hot contests and piques
About punctilios and mere tricks,
Did all their quarrels to his doom submit,
And, far more generous and free,
In contemplation only of him did agree:

Both fully satisfy'd; the one
With those fresh laurels he had won,
And all the brave renowned feats
He had perform'd in arms;
The other with his person and his charms:
For, just as larks are catch'd in nets
By gazing on a piece of glass,
So while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,
And smoother polish'd face,
Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by surprise.

X.

Never did bold knight, to relieve
Distressed dames, such dreadful feats achieve
As feeble damsels, for his sake,
Would have been proud to undertake;
And, bravely ambitious to redeem
The world's loss and their own,
Strove who should have the honour to lay down
And change a life with him;
But, finding all their hopes in vain
To move his fixt determin'd fate,
Their life itself began to hate,
As if it were an infamy
To live, when he was doom'd to die;
Made loud appeals and moans,
To less hard-hearted grates and stones;
Came, swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,
To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers,
And follow'd him, like prisoners of war,
Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

A BALLAD

UPON THE PARLIAMENT, WHICH DELIBERATED ABOUT MAKING OLIVER CROMWELL KING.*

AS close as a goose
Sat the Parliament-house
To hatch the royal gull;
After much fiddle-faddle,
The egg proved addle,
And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old Queen Madge,
Though things do not fadge,
Will serve to be queen of a May-pole;
Two princes of Wales,
For Whitsun-ales,
And her Grace Maid-Marian Clay-pole.

In a robe of cow-hide
Sat yeasty Pride,
With his dagger and his sling;
He was the pertinent'st peer
Of all that were there,
T' advise with such a king.

* This Ballad refers to the Parliament, as it was called, which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title; which he, out of fear of some republican zealots in his party, refused to accept, and contented himself with the power, under the name of 'Protector.'

A great philosopher
Had a goose for his lover,
  That follow'd him day and night:
If it be a true story
Or but an allegory,
  It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his son,
Both cast into one,
  Were meant for a single baron;
But when they came to sit,
There was not wit
  Enough in them both, to serve for one.

Wherefore 'twas thought good
To add Honeywood;
  But when they came to trial,
Each one prov'd a fool,
Yet three knaves in the whole,
  And that made up a Pair-royal.

A BALLAD,

IN TWO PARTS, CONJECTURED TO BE ON OLIVER CROMWELL.*

PART I.

DRAW near, good people all, draw near,
And hearken to my ditty;
A stranger thing

* To this humorous ballad Butler had prefixed this title—'The Privileges of Pimping'—but afterwards crossed it out, for which reason it is not inserted here.

Than this I sing
Came never to this city.

Had you but seen this monster,
You would not give a farthing
For the lions in the grate,
Nor the mountain-cat,
Nor the bears in Paris-garden.

You would defy the pageants
Are borne before the mayor;
The strangest shape
You e'er did gape
Upon at Bart'lmy fair!

His face is round and decent,
As is your dish or platter,
On which there grows
A thing like a nose,
But, indeed, it is no such matter.

On both sides of th' aforesaid
Are eyes, but they 're not matches,
On which there are
To be seen two fair
And large well-grown mustaches.

Now this with admiration
Does all beholders strike,

[16] From the medals, and original portraits, which are left of Oliver Cromwell, one may probably conjecture, if not positively affirm, that this droll picture was designed for him. The roundness of the face, the oddness of the nose, and the remarkable largeness of the eyebrows, are particulars which correspond exactly with them.

That a beard should grow
Upon a thing's brow,
Did ye ever see the like?

He has no skull, 'tis well known
To thousands of beholders;
Nothing, but a skin,
Does keep his brains in
From running about his shoulders.

On both sides of his noddle
Are straps o' th' very same leather;
Ears are imply'd,
But they 're mere hide,
Or morsels of tripe, choose ye whether.

Between these two extendeth
A slit from ear to ear,
That every hour
Gapes to devour
The souse that grows so near.

Beneath, a tuft of bristles,
As rough as a frieze-jerkin;
If it had been a beard,
'Twould have serv'd a herd
Of goats, that are of his near kin.

Within, a set of grinders
Most sharp and keen, corroding
Your iron and brass
As easy as
That you would do a pudding.

But the strangest thing of all is,
Upon his rump there groweth
A great long tail,
That useth to trail
Upon the ground as he goeth.

A BALLAD,

IN TWO PARTS, CONJECTURED TO BE ON OLIVER CROMWELL.

PART II.

THIS monster was begotten
Upon one of the witches,
B' an imp that came to her,
Like a man, to woo her,
With black doublet and breeches.

When he was whelp'd, for certain,
In divers several countries,
The hogs and swine
Did grunt and whine,
And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

The winds did blow, the thunder
And lightning loud did rumble;
The dogs did howl,
The hollow tree in th' owl—
'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbled.

[14] This whimsical liberty our Author takes of transposing the words for the sake of a rhyme, though at the expense of the sense, is a new kind of poetic license; and it is merry

As soon as he was brought forth,
At the midwife's throat he flew,
And threw the pap
Down in her lap;
They say 'tis very true.

And up the walls he clamber'd,
With nails most sharp and keen,
The prints whereof,
I' th' boards and roof,
Are yet for to be seen.

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney
He vanish'd, seen of none;
For they did wink,
Yet by the stink
Knew which way he was gone.

The country round about there
Became like to a wildern-
ess; for the sight
Of him did fright
Away men, women, and children.

Long did he there continue,
And all those parts much harmed,
Till a wise-woman, which
Some call a white-witch,
Him into a hog-sty charmed.

enough to observe, that he literally does, what he jokingly charges upon other poets in another place:

But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time. *Hud. p.* 2. *c.* 1. *v.* 27.

There, when she had him shut fast,
With brimstone and with nitre
She sing'd the claws
Of his left paws,
With tip of his tail, and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments
She made him tame as a spaniel;
For she us'd to ride
On his back astride,
Nor did he do her any ill.

But, to the admiration
Of all both far and near,
He hath been shown
In every town,
And eke in every shire.

And now, at length, he 's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where in Fleet-street
All those may see 't
That will not believe my ditty.

God save the King and Parliament,
And eke the Prince's highness,
And quickly send
The wars an end,
As here my song has—Finis.

[61] From this circumstance it appears, that this ballad was written before the murder of the king, and that it is the earliest performance of Butler's that has yet been made public.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.*

ALL men's intrigues and projects tend,
By sev'ral courses, to one end;
To compass, by the prop'rest shows,
Whatever their designs propose;
And that which owns the fair'st pretext
Is often found the indirect'st.
Hence 'tis that hypocrites still paint
Much fairer than the real saint,
And knaves appear more just and true
Than honest men, that make less show;
The dullest idiots in disguise
Appear more knowing than the wise;
Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,
Pass on the rabble for the learn'd;
And cowards, that can damn and rant,
Pass muster for the valiant:
For he that has but impudence,
To all things has a just pretence,
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

* This, and the other little Sketches that follow, were, among many of the same kind, fairly written out by Butler, in a sort of poetical Thesaurus. Out of this magazine he communicated to Mr. Aubrey that genuine fragment printed in his life, beginning,

> No Jesuit e'er took in hand
> To plant a church in barren land,
> Nor ever thought it worth the while
> A Swede or Russ to reconcile, &c.

How various and innumerable
Are those who live upon the rabble!
'Tis they maintain the church and state,
Employ the priest and magistrate;
Bear all the charge of government,
And pay the public fines and rent;
Defray all taxes and excises,
And impositions of all prices;
Bear all the expense of peace and war,
And pay the pulpit and the bar;
Maintain all churches and religions,
And give their pastors exhibitions,
And those who have the greatest flocks
Are primitive and orthodox;
Support all schismatics and sects,
And pay them for tormenting texts;
Take all their doctrines off their hands,
And pay them in good rents and lands;
Discharge all costly offices,
The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,
The hangman's wages, and the scores
Of caterpillar bawds and whores;
Discharge all damages and costs
Of Knights and Squires of the Post;
All statesmen, cut-purses, and padders,
And pay for all their ropes and ladders
All pettifoggers, and all sorts
Of markets, churches, and of courts;
All sums of money paid or spent,
With all the charges incident,
Laid out, or thrown away, or giv'n
To purchase this world, hell, or heav'n.

Should once the world resolve t' abolish
All that 's ridiculous and foolish,
It would have nothing left to do,
T' apply in jest or earnest to,
No business of importance, play,
Or state, to pass its time away.

The world would be more just, if truth and lies,
And right and wrong, did bear an equal price;
But, since impostors are so highly rais'd,
And faith and justice equally debas'd,
Few men have tempers, for such paltry gains
T' undo themselves with drudgery and pains.

The sottish world without distinction looks
On all that passes on th' account of books;
And, when there are two scholars that within
The species only hardly are a-kin,
The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,
If equally they've loiter'd in a college.

Critics are like a kind of flies that breed
In wild fig-trees, and when they 're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the sun
To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

As all Fanatics preach, so all men write,
Out of the strength of gifts and inward light,
In spite of art; as horses, thorough pac'd
Were never taught, and therefore go more fast.

In all mistakes the strict and regular
Are found to be the desp'rat'st ways to err,
And worst to be avoided; as a wound
Is said to be the harder cur'd that 's round;
For error and mistake, the less th' appear,
In th' end are found to be the dangerouser;
As no man minds those clocks that use to go
Apparently too over-fast or slow.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

The metaphysic 's but a puppet motion
That goes with screws, the notion of a notion;
The copy of a copy, and lame draught
Unnaturally takne from a thought;
That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
And turns the eyes like an old crucifix;
That counterchanges whatsoe'er it calls
B' another name, and makes it true or false;
Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,
By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'Tis not the art of schools to understand,
But make things hard, instead of b'ing explain'd;
And therefore those are commonly the learned'st
That only study between jest and earnest:
For, when the end of learning 's to pursue
And trace the subtle steps of false and true,
They ne'er consider how they 're to apply,
But only listen to the noise and cry.

And are so much delighted with the chase,
They never mind the taking of their preys.

More proselytes and converts use t' accrue
From false persuasions, than the right and true;
For error and mistake are infinite,
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right;
As numbers may t' infinity be grown,
But never be reduc'd to less than one.

All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forc'd for every carat to abate
As much in value, as it wants in weight.

The great St. Lewis, king of France,
Fighting against Mahometans,
In Egypt, in the holy war,
Was routed and made prisoner:
The Sultan then, into whose hands
He and his army fell, demands
A thousand weight of gold, to free
And set them all at liberty.
The king pays down one half o' th' nail,
And for the other offers bail,
The pyx, and in 't the Eucharist,
The body of our Saviour Christ.
The Turk consider'd, and allow'd
The king's security for good:
Such credit had the Christian zeal,
In those days with an Infidel,
That will not pass for two-pence now
Among themselves, 'tis grown so low.

Those that go up-hill, use to bow
Their bodies forward, and stoop low,
To poise themselves, and sometimes creep,
When th' way is difficult and steep:
So those at court, that do address
By low ignoble offices,
Can stoop to any thing that 's base,
To wriggle into trust and grace,
Are like to rise to greatness sooner
Than those that go by worth and honour.

All acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,
Are meant of services that are forgiven,
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

Lions are kings of beasts, and yet their pow'r
Is not to rule and govern, but devour:
Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they
No better than mere beasts that do obey.

Nothing's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no interest of state,
But such as serves a present strait,
And, to patch up, or shift, will close,
Or break alike, with friends or foes;
That runs behind-hand, and has spent
Its credit to the last extent;
And, the first time 'tis at a loss,
Has not one true friend nor one cross.

The Devil was the first o' th' name

From whom the race of rebels came,
Who was the first bold undertaker
Of bearing arms against his Maker,
And, though miscarrying in th' event,
Was never yet known to repent,
Though tumbled from the top of bliss
Down to the bottomless abyss;
A property which, from their prince,
The family owns ever since,
And therefore ne'er repent the evil
They do or suffer, like the devil.

The worst of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm,
But draw their swords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood.

No seared conscience is so fell
As that which has been burnt with zeal;
For Christian charity 's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a pestilent disease
To Christian charity and peace.

As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they 're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant
Does, like a rattle-snake, prevent.

MAN is supreme lord and master
Of his own ruin and disaster;
Controls his fate, but nothing less
In ordering his own happiness;
For all his care and providence
Is too, too feeble a defence
To render it secure and certain
Against the injuries of Fortune;
And oft, in spite of all his wit,
Is lost with one unlucky hit,
And ruin'd with a circumstance,
And mere punctilio, of chance.

DAME Fortune, some men's tutelar,
Takes charge of them without their care,
Does all their drudgery and work,
Like Fairies, for them in the dark;
Conducts them blindfold, and advances
The naturals by blinder chances;
While others by desert or wit
Could never make the matter hit,
But still, the better they deserve,
Are but the abler thought to starve.

GREAT wits have only been preferr'd,
In princes' trains to be interr'd,
And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd
Among their followers not the last;
But while they liv'd were far enough
From all admittances kept off.

As gold, that 's proof against th' assay,
Upon the touchstone wears away,

And having stood the greater test,
Is overmaster'd by the least;
So some men, having stood the hate
And spiteful cruelty of Fate,
Transported with a false caress
Of unacquainted happiness,
Lost to humanity and sense,
Have fall'n as low as insolence.

Innocence is a defence
For nothing else but patience;
'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,
Nor fence against the tricks of state;
Nor from th' oppression of the laws
Protect the plain'st and justest cause;
Nor keep unspotted a good name
Against the obloquies of Fame;
Feeble as Patience, and as soon,
By being blown upon, undone.
As beasts are hunted for their furs,
Men for their virtues fare the worse.

Who doth not know with what fierce rage
Opinions, true or false, engage?
And, 'cause they govern all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind,
All claim an equal interest,
And free dominion o'er the rest.
And, as one shield that fell from heaven
Was counterfeited by eleven,
The better to secure the fate
And lasting empire of a state,

The false are num'rous, and the true,
That only have the right, but few.
Hence fools, that understand them least,
Are still the fiercest in contest;
Unsight, unseen, espouse a side
At random, like a prince's bride,
To damn their souls, and swear and lie for,
And at a venture live and die for.

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in 's head,
Must be by' a dog glad to be led;
And no beasts have so little in them,
As that inhuman brute, Opinion:
'Tis an infectious pestilence,
The tokens upon wit and sense
That with a venomous contagion
Invades the sick imagination;
And, when it seizes any part,
It strikes the poison to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humours match;
And nothing 's so perverse in nature
As a profound opiniator.

Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain:
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,

The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the base submit.

A GODLY man, that has serv'd out his time
In holiness, may set up any crime;
As scholars, when they 've taken their degrees,
May set up any faculty they please.

WHY should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion?
B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
As well as suitors in petitions?
And in a congregation pray,
No less than Chancery, for pay?

A TEACHER's doctrine, and his proof
Is all his province, and enough;
But is no more concern'd in use,
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes.

THE soberest saints are more stiff-necked
Than th' hottest-headed of the wicked.

HYPOCRISY will serve as well
To propagate a church, as zeal;
As persecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion;
So round white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

THE greatest saints and sinners have been made
Of proselytes of one another's trade.

YOUR wise and cautious consciences
Are free to take what course they please:
Have plenary indulgence to dispose
At pleasure, of the strictest vows;
And challenge Heaven, they made them to,
To vouch and witness what they do;
And, when they prove averse and loath,
Yet for convenience take an oath;
Not only can dispense, but make it
A greater sin to keep than take it;
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,
And only keeps the keys within;
Has no superior to control,
But what itself sets o'er the soul;
And, when it is enjoin'd t' obey,
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key;
Can walk invisible, and where,
And when, and how, it will appear;
Can turn itself into disguises
Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices;
Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,
Obey and follow its commands,
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill remov'd of old;
Make mountains move with greater force
Than faith, to new proprietors;
And perjures, to secure th' enjoyments
Of public charges and employments;

For true and faithful, good and just,
Are but preparatives to trust;
The gilt and ornament of things,
And not their movements, wheels, and springs.

All love, at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
But, when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

The motions of the earth or sun,
(The Lord knows which), that turn, or run,
Are both perform'd by fits and starts,
And so are those of lovers' hearts;
Which, though they keep no even pace,
Move true and constant to one place.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For, could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of Fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
Translate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to heaven but love.

All wild but generous creatures live, of course,
As if they had agreed for better or worse:

The lion 's constant to his only miss,
And never leaves his faithful lioness;
And she as chaste and true to him agen,
As virtuous ladies use to be to men.
The docile and ingenuous elephant
T' his own and only female is gallant;
And she as true and constant to his bed,
That first enjoy'd her single maidenhead;
But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,
Are never satisfy'd with new amours;
As all poltroons with us delight to range,
And, though but for the worst of all, to change.

The souls of women are so small,
That some believe they 've none at all;
Or if they have, like cripples, still
They've but one faculty, the will;
The other two are quite laid by
To make up one great tyranny;
And, though their passions have most pow'r,
They are, like Turks, but slaves the more
To th' absolute will, that with a breath
Has sovereign power of life and death,
And, as its little interests move,
Can turn them all to hate or love;
For nothing, in a moment, turn
To frantic love, disdain, and scorn;
And make that love degenerate
T' as great extremity of hate;
And hate again, and scorn, and piques,
To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.

All sorts of votaries, that profess

To bind themselves apprentices
To Heaven, abjure, with solemn vows,
Not Cut and Long-tail, but a spouse,
As th' worst of all impediments
To hinder their devout intents.

Most virgins marry, just as nuns
The same thing the same way renounce;
Before they've wit to understand
The bold attempt they take in hand;
Or, having staid and lost their tides,
Are out of season grown for brides.

The credit of the marriage-bed
Has been so loosely husbanded,
Men only deal for ready money,
And women, separate alimony;
And ladies-errant, for debauching,
Have better terms, and equal caution;
And, for their journey-work and pains,
The char-women clear greater gains.

As wine that with its own weight runs is best,
And counted much more noble than the prest;
So is that poetry whose generous strains
Flow without servile study, art, or pains.

Some call it fury, some a Muse,
That, as possessing devils use,
Haunts and forsakes a man by fits,
And when he 's in, he 's out of 's wits.

All writers, though of different fancies,
Do make all people in romances,
That are distress'd and discontent,
Make songs, and sing t' an instrument,
And poets by their sufferings grow;
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent.

It is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not so before,
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch;
Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But, being for all other trades unfit,
Only to avoid being idle, set up wit.

They that do write in authors' praises,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confin'd to what is true;
That 's not to give, but pay a due:
For praise, that 's due, does give no more
To worth, than what it had before;
But to commend, without desert,
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a gloss on what 's amiss,
And writes what should be, not what is.

In foreign universities,
When a king 's born, or weds, or dies,
Straight other studies are laid by,
And all apply to poetry:

Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,
And some, more wise, in Arabic,
T' avoid the critic, and th' expense
Of difficulter wit and sense;
And seem more learnedish than those
That at a greater charge compose.
The doctors lead, the students follow;
Some call him Mars, and some Apollo,
Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,
On even terms, of all the gods:
Then Cæsar he 's nicknam'd, as duly as
He that in Rome was christen'd Julius,
And was address'd to, by a crow,
As pertinently long ago;
And with more heroes' names is styl'd,
Than saints are clubb'd t' an Austrian child;
And, as wit goes by colleges,
As well as standing and degrees,
He still writes better than the rest,
That 's of the house that 's counted best.

Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair,
Were ever able to despatch by fear.

There 's nothing our felicities endears
Like that which falls among our doubts and fears,
And in the miserablest of distress
Improves attempts as desperate with success;
Success, that owns and justifies all quarrels,
And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels;
Or, but miscarrying in the bold attempt,
Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

THE people have as much a negative voice
To hinder making war without their choice,
As kings of making laws in parliament;
"No money" is as good as "No assent."

WHEN princes idly lead about,
Those of their party follow suite,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way.

WHAT makes all subjects discontent
Against a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At subjects' disobedience,
That neither the other can abide,
But too much reason on each side?

AUTHORITY is a disease and cure;
Which men can neither want, nor well endure.

DAME Justice puts her sword into the scales,
With which she 's said to weigh out true and false,
With no design, but, like the antique Gaul,
To get more money from the capitol.

ALL that which law and equity miscalls
By th' empty idle names of True and False,
Is nothing else but maggots blown between
False witnesses and falser jurymen.
No court allows those partial interlopers
Of Law and Equity, two single paupers,
T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce
Each other gratis in a suit at once:

For one at one time, and upon free cost, is
Enough to play the knave and fool with justice;
And, when the one side bringeth custom in,
And th' other lays out half the reckoning,
The devil himself will rather choose to play
At paltry small game, than sit out, they say;
But when at all there 's nothing to be got,
The old wife, Law and Justice, will not trot.

The law, that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,
Little considers right or wrong;
But, like authority, 's soon satisfy'd,
When 'tis to judge on its own side.

The law can take a purse in open court,
Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for 't.

Who can deserve for breaking of the laws,
A greater penance than an honest cause?

All those that do but rob and steal enough,
Are punishment and court of justice proof,
And need not fear, nor be concern'd a straw,
In all the idle bugbears of the law,
But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other sufferers, of their due.

Old laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed,
To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,
And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,
To turn and wind them any way they please.
The Statute Law 's their Scripture, and Reports
The ancient reverend fathers of their courts:
Records their general councils; and Decisions

Of judges on the bench their sole traditions,
For which, like Catholics, they've greater awe,
As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,
And strive perpetually to make the standard
Of right between the tenant and the landlord;
And, when two cases at a trial meet,
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,
And all the points, like Chequer-tallies, suit,
The Court directs the obstinat'st dispute:
There's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,
Nor quality, nor person, in the case.

A MAN of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to those of duller parts,
Than running-nags to draw in carts.

Too much or too little wit
Do only render th' owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they had none.

As those that are stark blind can trace
The nearest way from place to place,
And find the right way easier out,
Than those that hood-wink'd try to do't;
So tricks of state are manag'd best
By those that are suspected least,
And greatest finesse brought about
By engines most unlike to do't.

ALL the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat,

That lets his false dice freely run,
And trusts them to themselves alone,
But never lets a true one stir
Without some fing'ring trick or slur;
And, when the gamesters doubt his play,
Conveys his false dice safe away,
And leaves the true ones in the lurch,
T' endure the torture of the search.

What else does history use to tell us,
But tales of subjects being rebellious;
The vain perfidiousness of lords,
And fatal breach of princes' words;
The sottish pride and insolence
Of statesmen, and their want of sense;
Their treach'ry, that undoes, of custom,
Their own selves first, next those who trust them?

Because a feeble limb 's carest,
And more indulg'd than all the rest,
So frail and tender consciences
Are humour'd to do what they please;
When that which goes for weak and feeble
Is found the most incorrigible,
To outdo all the fiends in hell
With rapine, murder, blood, and zeal.

As at the approach of winter all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage,
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liv'ries all the year;

So when the glorious season 's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The great'st calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

As when a greedy raven sees
A sheep entangled by the fleece,
With hasty cruelty he flies
T' attack him, and pick out his eyes;
So do those vultures use, that keep
Poor pris'ners fast like silly sheep,
As greedily to prey on all
That in their rav'nous clutches fall;
For thorns and brambles, that came in
To wait upon the curse for sin,
And were no part o' the first creation,
But, for revenge, a new plantation,
Are yet the fitt'st materials
T' enclose the earth with living walls:
So jailors, that are most accurst,
Are found most fit in being worst.

THERE needs no other charm, nor conjurer,
To raise infernal spirits up, but fear;
That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,
That's both a pris'ner to itself, and jail;
Draws more fantastic shapes, than in the grains
Of knotted wood, in some men's crazy brains,
When all the cocks they think they see, and bulls,
Are only in the insides of their skulls.

THE Roman Mufti, with his triple crown,
Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven, own,

Beside th' imaginary territory
He lays a title to in Purgatory;
Declares himself an absolute free prince
In his dominions, only over sins;
But as for heaven, since it lies so far
Above him, is but only titular,
And, like his Cross-keys badge upon a tavern,
Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern:
Yet, when he comes to take accompt, and share
The profit of his prostituted ware,
He finds his gains increase, by sin and women,
Above his richest titular dominion.

A JUBILEE is but a spiritual fair,
T' expose to sale all sorts of impious ware,
In which his Holiness buys nothing in,
To stock his magazines, but deadly sin;
And deals in extraordinary crimes,
That are not vendible at other times;
For, dealing both for Judas and th' High Priest,
He makes a plentifuller trade of Christ.

THAT sp'ritual pattern of the church, the ark,
In which the ancient world did once embark,
Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,
Although bound through an universal sea;
When all the modern church of Rome's concern
Is nothing else but in the helm and stern.

IN the church of Rome to go to shrift,
Is but to put the soul on a clean shift.

AN ass will with his long ears fray

The flies, that tickle him, away;
But man delights to have his ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

All wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood,
And force Mistake and Ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known.

In little trades more cheats and lying
Are us'd in selling than in buying;
But in the great, unjuster dealing
Is us'd in buying than in selling.

All smatt'rers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art:
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

Law does not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't;
Or if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude:
For wholesome laws preserve us free,
By stinting of our liberty.

The world has long endeavour'd to reduce
Those things to practice that are of no use,
And strives to practise things of speculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation,
And by that error renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's course against the grain.

In all the world there is no vice
Less prone t' excess than avarice;
It neither cares for food nor clothing;
Nature 's content with little, that with nothing.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to show
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

It is a harder thing for men to rate
Their own parts at an equal estimate,
Than cast up fractions in th' accompt of heav'n,
Of time and motion, and adjust them ev'n;
For modest persons never had a true
Particular of all that is their due.

Some people's fortunes, like a weft or stray,
Are only gain'd by losing of their way.

As he that makes his mark is understood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good;
So he that cannot write one word of sense,
Believes he has as legal a pretence,
To scribble what he does not understand,
As idiots have a title to their land.

Were Tully now alive, he 'd be to seek
In all our Latin terms of art, and Greek;
Would never understand one word of sense
The most irrefragable schoolman means;
As if the schools design'd their terms of art
Not to advance a science, but divert;

As Hocus Pocus conjures, to amuse
The rabble from observing what he does.

As 'tis a greater mystery, in the art
Of painting, to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

The man that for his profit 's brought t' obey,
Is only hir'd, on liking, to betray;
And, when he 's bid a liberaller price,
Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice.

Opiniators naturally differ
From other men; as wooden legs are stiffer
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way soe'er they are design'd to go.

Navigation, that withstood
The mortal fury of the Flood,
And prov'd the only means to save
All earthly creatures from the wave,
Has, for it, taught the sea and wind
To lay a tribute on mankind,
That, by degrees, has swallow'd more
Than all it drown'd at once before.

The prince of Syracuse, whose destin'd fate
It was to keep a school and rule a state,
Found that his sceptre never was so aw'd,
As when it was translated to a rod;
And that his subjects ne'er were so obedient,
As when he was inaugurated pedant:

For to instruct is greater than to rule,
And no command 's so' imperious as a school.

As he whose destiny does prove
To dangle in the air above,
Does lose his life for want of air,
That only fell to be his share;
So he whom Fate at once design'd
To plenty and a wretched mind,
Is but condemn'd t' a rich distress,
And starves with niggardly excess.

The Universal Med'cine is a trick,
That Nature never meant to cure the sick,
Unless by death, the singular receipt,
To root out all diseases by the great:
For universals deal in no one part
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art;
And therefore that French quack that set up physic,
Call'd his receipt a General Specific.
For though in mortal poisons every one
Is mortal universally alone,
Yet Nature never made an antidote
To cure them all as easy as they 're got;
Much less, among so many variations
Of diff'rent maladies and complications,
Make all the contrarieties in Nature
Submit themselves t' an equal moderator.

A convert 's but a fly, that turns about,
After his head 's pull'd off, to find it out.

All mankind is but a rabble

As silly and unreasonable
As those that, crowding in the street,
To see a show or monster meet;
Of whom no one is in the right,
Yet all fall out about the sight,
And when they chance t' agree, the choice is
Still in the most and worst of vices;
And all the reasons that prevail,
Are measur'd, not by weight, but tale.

As in all great and crowded fairs
Monsters and puppet-plays are wares,
Which in the less will not go off,
Because they have not money enough;
So men in princes' courts will pass,
That will not in another place.

Logicians us'd to clap a proposition,
As justices do criminals, in prison,
And in as learn'd authentic nonsense writ
The names of all their moods and figures fit:
For a logician 's one that has been broke
To ride and pace his reason by the book,
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

Those get the least that take the greatest pains,
But most of all i' the drudgery of brains;
A nat'ral sign of weakness, as an ant
Is more laborious than an elephant;
And children are more busy at their play
Than those that wisely'st pass their time away.

ALL the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains;
But pass for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by mistake or oversight.

TRIPLETS UPON AVARICE.

AS misers their own laws enjoin
To wear no pockets in the mine,
For fear they should the ore purloin;

So he that toils and labours hard
To gain, and what he gets has spar'd,
Is from the use of all debarr'd.

And though he can produce more spankers
Than all the usurers and bankers,
Yet after more and more he hankers;

And after all his pains are done,
Has nothing he can call his own,
But a mere livelihood alone.

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

A COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live, as in the hold of Nature,
And when the sea does in upon them break,

And drowns a province, does but spring a leak;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they stink;
That live as if they had been run aground,
And, when they die, are cast away, and drown'd;
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey;
And, when their merchants are blown up and crackt,
Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wreckt;
That feed, like Cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes:
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

DO not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For vent'ring to disclose a flame
It had so long supprest.

In its own ashes it design'd
For ever to have lain;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again.

TO THE SAME.

DO not mine affection slight,
'Cause my locks with age are white:
Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,
While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

EPIGRAM ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

THE jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipe-staves, are but hoop'd into a tub,
And in a close confederacy link,
For nothing else but only to hold drink.

HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY.*

IN days of yore, when knight or squire
By Fate were summon'd to retire,
Some menial poet still was near,
To bear them to the hemisphere,

* As neither this Elegy, nor the following Epitaph, is to be found in the 'Genuine Remains' of Butler, as published by Mr. Thyer from the manuscripts in the possession of the late William Longueville, Esq. they appear to have been rejected by the Editor, with a multitude of others, as being

And there among the stars to leave them,
Until the gods sent to relieve them:
And sure our knight, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
Should he neglected lie, and rot,
Stink in his grave, and be forgot,
Would have just reason to complain,
If he should chance to rise again;
And therefore to prevent his dudgeon,
In mournful dogg'rel thus we trudge on.
  Oh me! what tongue, what pen can tell
How this renowned champion fell?
But must reflect, alas! alas!
All human glory fades like grass,
And that the strongest martial feats
Of errant knights are all but cheats!
Witness our Knight, who sure has done
More valiant actions, ten to one,
Than of More-Hall the mighty More,
Or him that made the Dragon roar;
Has knock'd more men and women down,
Than Bevis of Southampton town;
Or than our modern heroes can,
To take them singly man by man.
  No, sure the grisly King of terror
Has been to blame, and in an error,
To issue his dead warrant forth

spurious; but as both have constantly made a part of the collection of poems frequently reprinted under the title of the 'Posthumous Works of Samuel Butler,' and as they besides relate particularly to the hero of that poem whereon our Author's chiefest reputation is built, it is hoped the reader will not be displeased to find them subjoined to these 'Genuine Remains' of the celebrated author of 'Hudibras.'

To seize a knight of so much worth,
Just in the nick of all his glory;
I tremble when I tell the story.
Oh! help me, help me, some kind Muse,
This surly tyrant to abuse,
Who, in his rage, has been so cruel
To rob the world of such a jewel!
A knight more learned, stout, and good,
Sure ne'er was made of flesh and blood;
All his perfections were so rare,
The wit of man could not declare
Which single virtue, or which grace,
Above the rest had any place,
Or which he was most famous for,
The camp, the pulpit, or the bar;
Of each he had an equal spice,
And was in all so very nice,
That, to speak truth, th' account it lost,
In which he did excel the most.
When he forsook the peaceful dwelling,
And out he went a colonelling,
Strange hopes and fears possest the nation,
How he could manage that vocation,
Until he shew'd it to a wonder,
How nobly he could fight and plunder.
At preaching too he was a dab,
More exquisite by far than Squab;
He could fetch uses, and infer,
Without the help of metaphor,
From any Scripture text, howe'er
Remote it from the purpose were;
And with his fist instead of a stick,
Beat pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,

Till he made all the audience weep,
Excepting those that fell asleep.
Then at the bar he was right able,
And could bind o'er as well as swaddle;
And famous too, at petty sessions,
'Gainst thieves and whores for long digressions.
He could most learnedly determine
To Bridewell, or the stocks, the vermin.
For his address and way of living,
All his behaviour was so moving,
That let the dame be ne'er so chaste,
As people say, below the waist,
If Hudibras but once come at her,
He'd quickly make her chaps to water:
Then for his equipage and shape,
On vestals they'd commit a rape,
Which often, as the story says,
Have made the ladies weep both ways.
Ill has he read that never heard
How he with Widow Tomson far'd,
And what hard conflict was between
Our Knight and that insulting quean.
Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains
For rhymes for his melodious strains,
Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,
To get into a jilt's good graces,
Than did Sir Hudibras to get
Into this subtle gypsy's net,
Who, after all her high pretence
To modesty and innocence,
Was thought by most to be a woman
That to all other knights was common.
Hard was his fate in this I own,

Nor will I for the trapes atone;
Indeed to guess I am not able,
What made her thus inexorable,
Unless she did not like his wit,
Or, what is worse, his perquisite.
Howe'er it was, the wound she gave
The Knight, he carry'd to his grave:
Vile harlot, to destroy a knight
That could both plead, and pray, and fight.
Oh! cruel, base, inhuman drab,
To give him such a mortal stab,
That made him pine away and moulder,
As though that he had been no soldier:
Couldst thou find no one else to kill,
Thou instrument of death and hell,
But Hudibras, who stood the Bears
So oft against the Cavaliers,
And in the very heat of war
Took stout Crowdero prisoner;
And did such wonders all along,
That far exceed both pen and tongue?
If he had been in battle slain,
We had less reason to complain;
But to be murder'd by a whore,
Was ever knight so serv'd before?
But since he 's gone, all we can say
He chanc'd to die a ling'ring way;
If he had liv'd a longer date,
He might, perhaps, have met a fate
More violent, and fitting for
A knight so fam'd in Civil war.
To sum up all—from love and danger
He 's now (O! happy Knight) a stranger;

And if a Muse can aught foretell,
His fame shall fill a chronicle,
And he in after-ages be
Of errant knights th' epitome.

HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.

UNDER this stone rests Hudibras,
A Knight as errant as e'er was;
The controversy only lies,
Whether he was more stout than wise;
Nor can we here pretend to say,
Whether he best could fight or pray;
So, till those questions are decided,
His virtues must rest undivided.
Full oft he suffer'd bangs and drubs,
And full as oft took pains in tubs;
Of which the most that can be said,
He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.
As for his personage and shape,
Among the rest we 'll let them 'scape;
Nor do we, as things stand, think fit
This stone should meddle with his wit.
One thing 'tis true, we ought to tell,
He liv'd and died a colonel;
And for the Good old Cause stood buff,
'Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff.
But since his Worship 's dead and gone,
And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,

The reader is desir'd to look
For his achievements in his Book;
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itself shall fail.

THE END.

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